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The Week-end Review

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THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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by Barbara Castle

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12 Months of De Gaulle
by K. S. Karol

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Herr Strauss's Little Time-Bomb

NOBODY can blame Messrs Lloyd and Co. for making the most of procedural wrangles at Geneva. They are merely obeying orders. Both sides have been told by their principals: put up a decent fight, but no knock-outs and no blows below the belt. Hence, while emitting angry noises, Mr Gromyko has not pressed his point that both Germanys should sit at High Table; and equally the West has agreed to place them on terms of equality below the salt. Czech and Polish participation is to be settled in similar manner, and during the next few weeks we must prepare ourselves for a good deal of alarming shadow-boxing.

All the same, it seems that the decision to meet at the Summit has been taken. But in America there are strong internal reasons for a preliminary display of hard-faced diplomacy. Mr Herter must convince critics that a handsome entrance-fee has been extracted from Mr Krushchev; while the latter, though grumbling loudly at the expense, seems to have been convinced by Mr Macmillan that it is worth his while to pay it.

But is it? At this point the course of the negotiations begins to look much less clear. What can either side reasonably expect to get from the Summit? For Mr Macmillan, the most realistic operator in the western camp, the advantages are obvious. A general European settlement seems utopian and may not even be desirable; on the other hand, without negotiations, tension over Berlin is bound to increase. His first object, therefore, is to keep talking for as long as possible. Hence he has invented the concept of the recurring Summit. If one fails, the next is always just round the corner. And it is always possible that progress can be made in minor fields. In either event, the Berlin crisis is kept in cold storage.

Superficially, the Russians also may find such a prospect agreeable. Their metaphysical belief that time is on their side colours their approach to international problems. With each month that passes, their missile military edge over America grows, thus adding to their diplomatic capital; while, conversely, the Americans will find it increasingly difficult to maintain the Dulles 'safety level' of tension in a period of continuous negotiation.

In one vital respect, however, time is working against Russia. West Germany, as Herr Strauss reminded us last week, is entering the second phase of her rearmament. The structure and cadres of the *Bundeswehr* have already been created. During the next two years, it will expand rapidly into the largest ground force in western Europe. It will also —and this is crucial—get its share of tactical nuclear weapons. For some months past, *Bundeswehr* technicians have been undergoing training in America in the use of these weapons, and the first German units should soon receive their equipment.

There seems little doubt that this inexorable sequence was Mr Krushchev's main motive in forcing the Berlin crisis last November. As he showed in his talks with Lord Montgomery, on Berlin he may be prepared to accept a settlement which would give the West all it can reasonably expect. But he is clearly not going to surrender his tactical salient there unless he believes he has some chance of securing its strategic objective: the freezing of German rearmament at a point short of nuclear weapons. And it is precisely at this point that there seems no room for negotiation. The Americans and West Germans are determined that the *Bundeswehr* will get what they term 'modern weapons'; and Mr Macmillan, albeit reluctantly, has given explicit assurances on this point. Even the Montgomery plan for an Anglo-US withdrawal behind the Rhine seems to assume that the West Germans will deploy nuclear fire-power.

This issue, dominated as it is by time, has thus no place in Mr Macmillan's concept of a recurring Summit. How, indeed, can it be settled except in the context of a fundamental bargain, with Russia surrendering Communist sovereignty in East Germany in return for neutralisation of the whole? This may seem totally unrealistic at the moment. But we must not dismiss it without weighing the alternative: that Mr Krushchev, realising that diplomacy cannot disconnect Mr Strauss's time-bomb, will break off the talks and resume direct methods over Berlin.

Comments on the Week's News

British Satellites

The government decision to initiate design work for British space research is essentially an interim one. Both the design and construction of instruments suitable to be carried in satellites are to be put in hand at once; and at the same time design studies are to be undertaken for the adaptation of British military rockets for use as satellite launching vehicles, 'should we decide', as Mr Macmillan put it, 'to make an all-out British effort' in this field. So far as it goes, this decision is a reasonable one: whatever the ultimate policy in the field of rocketry, most people will agree that in cosmic research British scientists have an important contribution to make, and that it is an important British interest that they should make it. Far more controversial is the decision whether that contribution should be made by means of British satellites or whether it can be made co-operatively, by arrangement either with the United States or, more widely, through an international grouping such as 'Cospar,' the international scientific committee on space research. A team of experts is off to Washington to discuss the possibilities of Anglo-American co-operation; and no decision will be taken on an all-British satellite until the results of this mission are known. But the final decision must be taken soon, for the design of instruments will be materially affected by the type of satellite in which they are to be used. It is very much to be hoped that good sense will prevail in this matter over the empire-building proclivities both of some of the British scientists involved and of the defence authorities, who see possibilities for further concealed subsidies for the British guided-missile programme. The entrance stakes for individual entries in the international rocket race are extremely high and, if any alternative can be devised, would represent an altogether disproportionate additional burden on an economy which is already top-heavy with unproductive military expenditure.

Danger: Selwyn at Work!

In justifying its indefensible decision to sell Canberras and Centurions to Iraq, the government has produced a number of conflicting reasons, not all of which it has had the face to make public. It is said that if we did not supply the arms, the Russians would: but there is every indication that Iraq intends to purchase, or accept, Russian arms in addition. Moreover, this argument has been indignantly rejected in other cases. Secondly, it is said that Britain must 'preserve its role' as the 'traditional supplier' of arms to Iraq – as if the articles concerned were Sheffield table knives or Staffordshire pottery. Thirdly, the government points out, privately, that none of the more important items can be delivered for a year, and that their dispatch can always be cancelled if, in the meantime, Communism rears its head more openly in Baghdad. This is disingenuous: the licences have now been issued and it is up to the manufacturers to decide when the arms go: if they believe there is any likelihood that the order will be cancelled, they can always rush it through. Moreover, though the government argues that the decision does not represent political endorsement of the Kassem regime, a revocation of it would clearly be a political act. In any case, it is nonsense to pretend that exporting arms to Iraq has nothing to do with politics. It shows that the government is still hankering, after all the disasters of recent years, for the old, discredited policy of divide and rule. Nasser has not yet come to heel: therefore he must be publicly affronted, and Kassem set up as a counterpoise, even if in the process Iraq goes Communist. The only Middle East country which supports the arms deliveries is Turkey; the US, which is now drifting closer to Egypt, was specifically opposed. Once again the Atlantic allies are divided on a central proposition of Middle East policy. The decision seems to be based on personal estimates of Kassem's trustworthiness made by Lord Monckton and Sir Humphrey Trevelyan, and Kassem's agreement to postpone the entry of Communist ministers into his Cabinet. But the same day the shipment was announced in parliament, Kassem's own Economics Minister, Dr Kubbah, endorsed the Communists' request. The whole affair bears the unmistakable stamp of Selwyn Lloyd diplomacy.

Talking Big

The original project for a free trade area is dead. But Dr Erhardt's declaration of sympathy for 'freer' trade in Europe has been followed by reports of a possible tariff union between some of the OEEC countries which are excluded from the Common Market. Greece and Turkey, both members of OEEC, are not mentioned as potential partners in this scheme: they depend too much on the German market and will not run the risk of retaliation from Bonn. This merely leaves Portugal, Austria and Switzerland as candidates to join this country and the Scandinavians. The difficulty is that Denmark, Austria and Switzerland are almost surrounded by Common Market territory, and they may therefore have second thoughts about this new plan. The 'counter-bloc' would then be reduced to ourselves, together with Norway, Portugal and Sweden; and of these three, only Sweden is important as a market. This prospect makes Mr Maudling's big talk of the last few weeks seem a little smaller. Dr Erhardt is naturally in sympathy with free trade: with Germany's vast potential export capacity, it can only gain. But, for the present, the political interests of Bonn lie in strengthening the links with Paris, and the French have no reason to encourage any moves which will expose their economy to new competitive pressures without offering any compensating advantage. Against this background it is hard to understand British policy. Do the Treasury and the Board of Trade still hope that Britain can profit by letting Germany compete in our markets on the condition that we are allowed to ruin the weaker partners in Europe? This is a ludicrous idea. The French have already shown quite clearly that they will not permit this to happen. The net result of Mr Maudling's new scheme would be to help the Germans without any advantage to ourselves.

NEXT WEEK

The Geneva Conference
by PAUL JOHNSON

The Story of Federation
The background to the present tensions in central Africa

Cold Comfort Vote

None of the three parties can feel particularly pleased by the results of last week's polling. The Labour Party expected to lose a good many seats, because its gains three years ago carried it to the peak of its success in local elections, but the loss of just over 320 was more than it anticipated. The Liberals did less well than they hoped: local scandals may have cost them control at Blackpool, but they did not make headway even in the areas where they have recently done well at by-elections. Liberal intervention, moreover, seems to have little influence on the division of seats between the two main parties. The Conservatives may feel more satisfied. In a number of places they made gains because a smooth-running party machine, keyed up in case of an early election, managed to turn out more of their 'parliamentary' vote than is usual in municipal contests. The percentage of voters going to the poll was notably higher in a number of boroughs, and most of the excess seems to have been Conservative. The Tories, moreover, held their ground well in the North, where they were worried about the impact of local unemployment on their vote. But none of this is good enough to justify the wave of Tory disappointment at Mr Macmillan's decision to put off the general election. On these figures – which match fairly closely the recent opinion poll and by-election trends – the Tories would win an election with a reduced majority. And that is not what Mr Macmillan wants. The real riddle of the polls is Labour's performance. Once again the solid Labour vote has turned out; and once again it has been shown that Labour cannot touch that marginal five per cent. of the vote on which success or failure will turn. It is this failure, after the emergence of a new leadership and the development of new policies, which leads intelligent Labour supporters to ask whether the party is being led in the right manner and in the right direction. Those who ask the question are anxious and puzzled, not disloyal.

The ETU Accounts

In our issue of 4 April we suggested that if there were a thorough inquiry into the affairs of the Electrical Trades Union, 'including an independent and detailed examination of its accounts', the Communist Party 'could no longer run the union as its pocket borough'. Some information on those accounts has now been released at an ETU branch meeting by Mr Sullivan, one of the chief critics of the ETU leadership, who has at last seen the books. He reports that in recent years large sums have been paid out as expenses, some to such officials as the secretary, Mr Haxell, some to pay for 'entertainment' and hotels at conferences, some to pay for ETU delegations abroad or the reception of foreign delegates. Under Rule 24 it is proper to pay expenses above the subsistence amounts laid down in the rule-book, provided that they are authorised by the union's executive. These sums, we must assume, have in some form been passed by the ETU executive – though it seems doubtful whether they were always itemised. It would be useful to know, for instance, how many expense payments were personally endorsed by Mr Haxell acting under a general authority delegated to the secretary by the executive. Mr Sullivan has not suggested that there has been any direct violation of rules in this respect – though there is more doubt about

alleged loans to union members, specifically forbidden by Rule 15, and certain other payments to prominent Communist members of the executive. What will interest the ETU rank and file, however, is the scale of its leadership's 'expenses' at a time when the union was in such financial straits that dues had to be increased and there was talk of a special levy to strengthen the reserves. Mr Haxell has, for once, chosen to make a public answer to the question raised by Mr Sullivan, though all he has done is to claim that the expenses concerned were in order under ETU rules, and to argue that Mr Sullivan's charges are simply a stunt to influence the union conference next month and the crucial union elections which follow later this year. It may be that Mr Haxell has broken his silence because questions about the ETU finances hit harder than the other allegations which have been made in the last two years: the Registrar of Friendly Societies may not have the same inhibitions about close inquiry into ETU affairs as are displayed by the TUC.

Packing the Federation Inquiry

The usually well-informed *Sunday Times* has reported that the government is now setting up a commission of inquiry into the Central African Federation. It cannot be a coincidence that this report immediately follows a leading article in *The Central African Examiner* making proposals on how the commission should be composed. Both papers assume that it will not be a British parliamentary commission, but one which includes both representatives from the Federation and non-parliamentarians. Nothing could reveal better the subtle political ingenuity of Mr Macmillan and his able lieutenant, Sir Roy Welensky. The object of such a commission is threefold. First it will so be packed with supporters of federation as to place Labour critics in a tiny minority. Secondly, it will be designed to remove the issue of Central Africa from the political scene for the next 12 months. Thirdly, an attempt will be made to split the Labour Party by encouraging the appointment of those Labour members whose general view of Africa tends to put economic before political considerations. The Labour Party will be well advised to reject such a commission even if it means facing misunderstandings as to its purpose in doing so. The British parliament still has responsibility for Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and ultimate sanction over the Federation itself. Its main task now is to inform itself fully before the 1960 Conference, and federal members have no place in its inquiry – except as witnesses. If it needs outside advice, surely the right place to seek it would be from the Commonwealth Prime Ministers who, after all, have a proper concern in the kind of states to be associated with them.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Johannesburg

White Springboks Only?

Sport being the second religion of white South Africans, they may all be excommunicated next week-end. For the International Olympic Committee, which will meet then in Munich, will have before it a report on racial discrimination in South African sport, and will have to decide whether the continued acceptance of 'whites-only' teams is compatible with the Olympic principle that 'no discrimination is allowed against any person on the grounds of race, religion or politics'.

There is, even today, no law in South Africa which forbids racially mixed sport, and in the past there have been exceptional instances of white teams playing non-whites. But international affiliation has been accorded to the white bodies, and the inevitable result has been the exclusion of non-whites from South African teams. Thus tutored, and officially encouraged to find in sport a harmless outlet for their general frustrations, the non-whites have in the past practised their own racial discrimination, organising themselves in African, Indian or Coloured bodies. They would therefore have been on weak ground had they challenged the racial exclusiveness of the whites who claimed to represent the whole country.

This position has, however, changed radically in recent years, though it has not yet been entirely remedied. In almost every code of sport there have now arisen bodies which specifically reject any colour bar, though whites have refused to join them. Last year these bodies formed the non-racial South African Sports Association which now has over 70,000 non-white members. SASA's first victory was won last month, when the manager of a touring Brazilian football team proposed to exclude his four 'obviously' non-white players from a match against a white South African side. SASA's cabled protest to the President of Brazil led to the last-minute cancellation of the match and to hysterical protest from the Nationalist press. It is this same SASA which has applied to the Olympic authorities for recognition, submitting a detailed report on racially discriminatory sports practices in South Africa.

Faced with this threat, the presently recognised white body has made intensive efforts to break the growing unity of its challengers. It has succeeded in persuading a minority of African sporting bodies to accept subservient affiliation, promising them indirect representation by whites on national executives in return for a strict maintenance of the colour bar. This arrangement, the whites ingeniously argue, will enable individual African athletes who put up sufficiently impressive performances to qualify for inclusion in future Olympic teams. At the same time, however, the same whites are emphatic that they will do nothing that conflicts with the 'traditional', that is with the present government's, policy. What that policy is has been made abundantly clear. When Harry Bloom, the author and advocate, returned from unsuccessfully pressing for international recognition for the no-colour-bar South African Soccer Federation in 1956, his passport was withdrawn. When the Federation wanted to send further representatives to the next meeting of FIFA, the international controlling body, in Stockholm last year passports were refused them. When a new, non-racial table-tennis body gained international recognition and displaced the whites-only body – the only case in which this has been achieved so far – a Cabinet minister, Mr Dönges, promised that 'no non-white team will leave the country without the permission of the white body'. He has been as good as his word – only last month the five-man non-white team chosen to compete in the world championships had their passports withdrawn, probably in revenge for their organisation's barring of a visit by Australians who were to play only to racially pure audiences.

It was a government spokesman who welcomed a proposed *apartheid* tour of South Africa by a West Indian team under Frank Worrell. This tour is now unlikely to take place. It has been emphatically opposed by the leading non-white cricket bodies here and, equally important, has been internationally opposed both by the American Committee on Africa and by the Campaign Against Racial Discrimination in Sport, of which Archbishop Joost de Blank of Cape Town last month accepted the presidency. Much will depend now on how effectively groups like these organise their work; but the situation would change radically if the Olympic Committee, in which Britain and the Commonwealth have so large a say, were to stand by its professed principles next week-end. The result might be a compromise here, but would more likely be the absence for some years of any South African teams from the Olympics. For non-whites, at present excluded in any case, the latter result too would be a great moral boost.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Bonn

What About the Nazis?

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: How can the Nazi era and what led up to it be put in proper perspective for more than ten million schoolchildren in the Federal Republic today? This problem which has worried the educational authorities for a long time has now come right out into the open as the result of an independent television inquiry in scores of classrooms of the elementary and secondary schools in different parts of the country.

Some brief references to this 40-minute programme of the Hesse television station have been made abroad, but it seems worth while to go into further detail about the appalling ignorance and serious misconceptions shown by the children questioned, many of whom were between 14 and 17 years of age. Many had little idea even of Hitler, and those who had saw him as 'the man who built the *autobahns* and got rid of unemployment and crime'. One said he was 'Der Fuehrer who was opposed by Stresemann and had Ludendorff and Einstein as his enemies'. Another noted that 'while immediately after the war everybody said nasty things about him and pointed to ruin and chaos everywhere, now they were coming to say that Hitler was not so bad after all'. As for the achievements of Nazism, in addition to giving seven million workers work, it had 'taken youths off the streets' and given workers sea-trips (through *Kraft durch Freude*). Tito, Krushchev and Hindenburg were mentioned as prominent Nazis. Only about one in ten of those questioned could mention the anti-Semitic, nationalist and other elements in the Hitler doctrine; and few appeared to have any idea of its mass murders and concentration camps or the destruction of social and political life resulting from the application of that doctrine.

These are but a few of the replies which have roused the state governments to do something about this matter. (In West Germany education is a federal issue, left to each state.) In Bavaria, Hesse, Baden-Wuerttemberg, the authorities plan to train a special corps of teachers, who by age and background will have had little to do with the Nazi regime, to teach this particular section of German history. What has happened in so many cases has been that teachers have taken the easy way out and avoided any reference to German history after 1933, or even 1914. Some have ended with Bismarck. A small percentage of teachers are still anti-Semitic, and a large number

of parents strongly object to anti-Nazi teachers. These are the parents who themselves have strong emotional ties with the Nazi movement. The main fact, of course, is that most of the children questioned have repeated what they heard at home, and all the new educational plans will not affect this present school generation. With the best will in the world, the teachers would find it hard if not impossible to counteract this home influence. With so many Germans in high places in the civil service and various branches of public life who were in some way connected with Nazism and who today, either out of shame or for opportunistic reasons, avoid all reference to the years 1933 to 1945, none of this is very surprising.

What is dangerous is not so much the ignorance as the mixture of half-truths and nonsense which still persists about the Hitler period. This is the kind of mentality, according to one press comment, which could easily accept a new 'stab-in-the-back' theory, should things go wrong economically and another demagogue appear. It is a thought which haunts many a 'good German' who sees some of his countrymen beginning to accept the idea that the collapse of 1945 was, after all, due merely to a defeat in war and not to what preceded that defeat.

Belgian Congo

The Road to Independence

A Correspondent in Léopoldville writes: From the unsettled period which followed the riots, the Congo has emerged unscathed and the barometer seems set fair for the future. While M. Van Hemelrijk, the energetic minister for the territory, is planning the transition period to an independent Congo, the Congolese political parties are preparing for the December elections. Despite the outlawing of the colour-bar, the upgrading of 459 African civil servants, and the formation of new consultative councils – the basis for the future government – the Congolese maintain that the pace is too slow. They argue that the government declaration in January, announcing the new policy, was too ambiguous and gave no indication of the date for full independence. A congress of all the political parties, the first to be held, insists on January 1961 as the deadline for self-government, with a national Congolese government free to decide for itself the country's ultimate course after that.

With the leaders of the banned Abako tribal association now in Belgium after their release from prison, political development has been confined largely to parties formed since last October. Many of them are, like Abako, tribal movements, but three distinctly political groups have emerged. Leading the field is the National Congolese Movement (MNC), which began as a moderate group on a programme of 'independence in 30 years'. Since January, the MNC has appropriated much of Abako's fire and is striving for national unity. It promoted the all-party congress and won the support of the Catholic Congolese Union from Elizabethville, the colony's second city, 2,000 miles away on the Rhodesian border. The third group, the Congolese Unity Party, also attended, but its leaders were in Belgium, and it seems unlikely to join a national front sponsored by the MNC.

All three have grown up under European tutelage. The MNC has ties with the Belgian Socialists, as well as with the All-African Congress at Accra, where the MNC president, Patrice Lumumba, was elected as Congolese representative to the steering committee formed in December. The Congolese Union has many European members, while the CUP has extensive Belgian backing. It claims 215,000 members; but many of these are simply tribes recruited *en bloc*, and its leaders are for the most part regarded as Belgian stooges.

Of the leading political figures, Lumumba has the greatest prestige. He is essentially an opportunist, and his politics, like those of many other African leaders, are difficult to describe in European terms. He himself claims to be a Liberal, but he is more of a Socialist. His views, which are left of centre, have won him support from both the middle class and the leaderless elements of banned Abako. On the other hand, Kazavubu, the Abako leader, has a substantial tribal hold on the people of the Léopoldville and lower Congo regions, and through his imprisonment he has become known to the country as a whole. Both men have their strongest following among the town Africans, particularly in Léopoldville itself.

The tribal chiefs, not very surprisingly, are hostile to the parties, fearing displacement when independence comes. They have demanded guarantees for the future, citing Belgian treaties of the late 19th century. The government intends to meet them half way by giving them nominated seats in the future Upper House; but most Congolese would prefer to see this arrangement gradually ended as the present generation of chiefs dies off.

No party has announced a political programme yet. The MNC say they will do so eventually, but not while the administration has a chance to 'torpedo it'. Most of the leaders seem to favour nationalisation, where necessary, plus more foreign investment. But for the present they are united on only one thing: independence – as soon as possible.

Fleet Street

The Tyburn Mob

'How could my editor not ask me to cover this story?' said a Scandinavian correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian* reporter outside the gates of Pentonville on the morning Ronald Marwood was executed. 'After all, to us it is like something out of the Dark Ages'. A reading of the British press the following morning, or at any rate some considerable proportion of it, is not likely to have changed the views of the Scandinavian editor.

Few of the details were spared. '*MARWOOD HANGED* . . . and from the barred window of a cell in Pentonville jail tattered pages torn from a bible flutter down,' shouted the *Mail* across six columns. 'Before his five-yard walk to his death,' it told its readers, Marwood 'shook hands with his warders and thanked them,' while 'in the prison chapel stood tulips and lilies sent by 20-year-old Mrs Rosalie Marwood . . . who became a widow as she prayed.' The *Herald* ('The Time Is 9 o'clock' across seven columns) had more details – so did the *Express* ('Marwood Dies Coolly as Rioters Scream') – from a warder, a matter the Prison Commissioners might perhaps care to inquire into. The *Mirror* ('As Ronald Marwood Waited to Die. . .' across the whole of its two centre pages) had three photographs: the caption to one of them 'Ronald Marwood had only minutes to live when this dramatic picture was taken yesterday morning . . . in the street outside Pentonville Gaol'. 'These,' reported the *Sketch*, 'were the ugly scenes outside Pentonville as 25-year-old Marwood walked to the gallows. The crowd stormed barriers crying "Savages" and "Murderers" as the police repelled them. Pacifists marched up and down with "Don't murder Marwood" banners.' Only the *Manchester Guardian* reporter made any attempt to distinguish between the various elements in the crowd. Reporting that 'not since the execution of Derek Bentley six years ago has there been such a display of emotions and physical violence . . . during the last 15 minutes of Marwood's life, a mob went wild – punching, kicking, screaming and cursing,' he added: 'Once again, as at the hangings of Bentley and Ruth Ellis, dozens of men and women had arrived in a state of macabre anticipation'. He summed up: 'If one has ever wondered about the mentality of the festive crowds that used to line the route to Tyburn, a visit to the gates of Pentonville yesterday showed that there are still many of the same sort of people in our midst today. It is not a pleasant thought'. And he pointed out that many of those people could be seen giving interviews to press and radio reporters from Europe and America, who were present in force.

The *Sunday Pictorial* added to Britain's good name by publishing the story of a prisoner in Pentonville, released the morning Marwood was hanged, who the day before was given 'the job of scrubbing out the post-mortem room ready for Marwood's body'. This man described the scene in the prison the night before. 'The lights went out and suddenly the din began. I joined in. I screamed. I smashed my china mug. I hurled my three pieces of cutlery into the yard outside. I ripped my shirt. . . Many prisoners in the hospital went berserk. Five prisoners broke out of their cells. They were stripped and shoved naked into bleak concrete cells.' Foreign papers please copy.

And what did the papers themselves think of it all? It will surprise no one that the traditional guardian of morality, the *News of the World*, was on the side of the hangman. 'The Marwood affair,' it pronounced, 'has occasioned unfortunate hysteria. . . In our view while capital punishment remains the penalty for murdering a constable must always be death. . . For A LIFE FOR A LIFE is still the great deterrent to killing.' Nor will it occasion any amazement that the *Daily Express* should take a similar view. Came Sunday, and Mr John Gordon: no quavering here. Marrying morality and literary nobility with all the old charm, he rounded vigorously on all 'the cranks and crackpots who love to paddle in a sea of sentimental slush'. 'Should the agitation over Marwood,' he concluded in magisterial tones, 'stiffen the hostility of the country to any further abolition of the death penalty – as I think it will – the service rendered by his death will be considerable.'

The Times was not quite in step with Mr Gordon. It considered that 'the grim sequence of events that ended, yesterday, with the hanging of a murderer must give us all grave cause to think'. The *Observer*, deploring 'the social evils attendant upon the act of hanging', declared that 'a revival of the campaign to abolish capital punishment is overdue'. But perhaps the most appropriate comment came from the *News Chronicle*. In a short leader on the death of Lord Templewood, it quoted from the book he wrote after being Home Secretary: 'An execution is an obscene and uncivilised act. However the death penalty is carried out it will be accompanied by scenes that offend and degrade our public standards'. 'After the scenes inside and outside Pentonville in the last hours of Ronald Marwood's life, it is,' said the *News Chronicle*, 'to say the least, difficult to disagree.'

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Eleven Dead Men

On 3 March ten detainees were beaten to death at the Hola Special Detention Camp, Kenya, another man dying of his injuries three days later. The first that the British public heard about it was from a short statement issued by the Kenya government the following day to the effect that the men had died 'after drinking water from a water cart'. It was not until the following week that the Kenya government admitted that post-mortems had revealed 'injuries on the bodies which may be due to violence'. Now at last the full report of the inquest is to hand.

It is a grim story. 'In each case,' runs the medical evidence, 'death was found to have been caused by shock and hæmorrhage due to multiple bruising caused by violence'. Contributory factors are listed as follows: one man had a fractured skull; another had laceration of the mid-brain; a third a fractured jaw. Four others suffered fractured knee-caps or forearms or (in one case) both. One medical witness, describing the bruised and blood-choked lung of the man on whom he conducted a post-mortem, said he had 'never seen anything quite like it before'. Other experts found that scurvy was present 'and possibly widespread' in the camp and that the deceased were probably suffering from ascorbic acid deficiency. This, however, did not affect the cause of death, which the coroner found to be violence inflicted during the course of a 'major operation' to compel the detainees to work.

On the morning of 3 March, runs the account of this operation, a group of 85 unco-operative, hard-core Mau Mau detainees were rounded up from their compounds to be escorted forcibly to the work-site. In charge of them were 40 prison warders with small batons, a riot squad 17 strong, equipped with long batons and led by Chief Warder Mwoki, and a platoon of 20 men armed with rifles under Chief Warder Mboo. The whole cavalcade was led in person by the camp commander, Mr Sullivan. On the road to the site the detainees suddenly realised they were to be compelled to work. They broke ranks and were driven back by warders using batons. Some threw themselves on the ground, saying they would not work and setting up a wail which the commander described as the 'Mau Mau howl'. They were forced to their feet and eventually reformed. A district officer, driving by in his Land-Rover, saw an inert man being dragged along at the end of the column apparently injured. At the site the detainees again broke ranks, threw themselves on the ground and wailed. According to Mr Sullivan, 'the Special Platoon moved in again and batons were used.'

On Mr Sullivan's instructions, warders thrust shovels into the hands of some of the men, forced them into the ditch and attempted to compel them to go through the motions of working. 'If they refused,' Chief Warder Mboo admitted at the inquest, 'they might have been beaten with batons'. More precisely, the officer in charge of the irrigation scheme described how he saw 'continuous beating' of detainees, 'apparently to make them work and not to put down any form of disturbance that I saw'. In a short time the site was littered with injured men. By 11.30 a.m. the first man was dead. An hour later, Mr Sullivan's deputy, Mr Coutts, who had been left in charge while the commander returned to camp, rushed back into the office crying distractedly: 'For Christ's sake, come quickly; they are dying like flies'.

It is not surprising that the Colonial Secretary, Mr Lennox-Boyd, has hastened to place on record his concern at this 'very distressing and grave case'. For months the opposition in the House of Commons, disturbed by the accounts of brutality which have been seeping out of the detention camps, has been pressing for an independent inquiry into their administration. On 24 February last, it tabled a motion to this effect which was firmly turned down by the government. Answering the debate in Mr Lennox-Boyd's absence, Mr Julian Amery described the motion as 'a pretty grave censure on the Kenya prison service', which could only shake confidence in the government of Kenya. He stated categorically that 'our contention is that the organisation of the prison service is right and is what it should be and that the safeguards against abuse are effective'. Here, a few days later, was proof that once again the 'safeguards' had broken down. If Mr Lennox-Boyd had agreed to an inquiry, the 11 men of Hola would be still alive.

But the inquest has established that the Colonial Secretary's responsibility goes deeper than this. For the first time it has revealed the setting in which these disturbing incidents have been taking place. The maltreatment of the men at Hola was not a piece of personal savagery by a few men. One witness at the inquest described Mr Sullivan as being 'very shocked' by the deaths. It may well be so, for the 'operation' he carried out so assiduously was not of his own devising. He and his warders were, in fact, merely acting as the agents of a policy drawn up elsewhere – in the highest circles of the Kenya government. This was the policy of breaking in the hard-core intractable Mau Mau detainees by the calculated brutality of forcing them to work against their will.

Here is the story as it emerged at the inquest. On 6 January, before he took up his post at Hola, Mr Sullivan had an interview with the Commissioner of Prisons who impressed on him that his main task was to restore discipline. On 6 February, the Senior Superintendent of Prisons, Mr Cowan, who had evolved a technique in other camps of putting unwilling detainees to work, was sent to Hola to tell Mr Sullivan that the Prisons HQ was still dissatisfied. During his stay he drew up a plan for setting the unco-operative hard core there to work. Mr Cowan sent a copy of his plan to the Commissioner who in turn forwarded it to the Minister of Internal Security and Defence. It was returned approved.

The essence of Mr Cowan's scheme was that,

'All Africans, until they are very much advanced, are liars'
—Lord Malvern. 24 March 1959

on a selected day, the unco-operative detainees should be marched out of their compounds in four separate groups and ordered to work at an approved task on the irrigation scheme. The key phrase in the scheme ran as follows: 'Should they refuse, they would be manhandled to the site of work and forced to carry out the task'. It is now argued by the Kenya government that, in this context, the word 'force' did not necessarily imply physical violence. What was visualised was rather that the men should be frogmarched to the site, where their arms would be held by warders in order to compel them to go through the motions of doing their task. The whole trouble at Hola arose, the argument runs, because Mr Sullivan distorted Mr Cowan's plan. Instead of taking his men to the site in groups of 20, he marshalled all 85 of them out of their compounds at one go. The coroner, however, found that the Cowan plan was not at all clear on this point. Moreover, the Commissioner of Police testified that, when he received Mr Sullivan's written outline of his scheme, he realised that the movement of 85 men instead of 20 rendered it 'in effect a different plan', but added: 'I was content to leave the alteration to the man on the spot if he wished'. He also ignored a request from Sullivan that a Senior Superintendent of Prisons empowered with summary powers of punishment should be made available to him when he carried out his plan. On 26 February, Sullivan received the signal to go ahead.

Before setting the plan in motion, Sullivan briefed his warders on the steps they could take to compel obedience. Chief Warder Mwoki said his instructions were: 'Tell your Askaris, if people refuse to work, to hit them on their legs or their arms; but not too much.' He added: 'I thought if any sort of trouble or refusal to work we could use batons.' Asked to demonstrate how he had been trained to use long batons, he went through a drill: 'A hit on left leg – hit on right leg – a push in stomach; a hit on left arm – hit on right arm – push in stomach.' In his findings the coroner pointed out that force used to compel people to work was illegal force. Moreover he expressed the view that the words in the Cowan plan to the effect that the men could be 'manhandled . . . and forced to carry out the task' would be interpreted by any reasonable person 'as a *carte blanche* to use whatever force might prove necessary to ensure the performance of the task'. He added that the orders given by Mr Sullivan regarding the use of force did not go any further than the orders in the plan itself. In other words, the Cowan plan, approved by the Kenya government, was an open invitation, indeed an instruction, to use illegal force.

From such a conclusion one would have expected the coroner to find that an offence had been committed, even if only by persons unknown. Instead, he fell back upon legal complexities. Some of the force used, he argued, might have been 'justifiable'. Under Section 18 of the Prisons Ordinance, warders are authorised to use force against prisoners attempting to escape or engaged in any 'combined outbreak'. Some of the warders, he argued, might have thought that when the detainees broke ranks they were trying to escape. Also, he used the word 'outbreak' to describe what took place on the road to the worksite. He therefore merely found that 'blame attaches for these deaths, but it is no part of my duty . . . to apportion blame'. On the preferment of charges he passed the buck to the Attorney General, who has since decided that no charges can be preferred. For its part the Kenya government has announced that it is ready to accept expert advice on the future administration of the camps; and it has sought to allay public disquiet with the offering of two scapegoats – Mr Sullivan and his deputy – who quite properly have been suspended.

At the conclusion of these lengthy proceedings, therefore, we are left with 11 men beaten to death – and no criminals. But the matter cannot be allowed to rest there. The Hola incident stems inevitably from the tolerance of brutality which has underlain the Kenya government's whole approach. The chain of command through which it operates starts at the highest level. To sacrifice those who are merely the agents of this policy, while allowing its authors to go untouched, is not to do justice but to pervert it. It is the Kenya government, and the Colonial Secretary, who has persistently refused an inquiry into its policies, who must be held responsible.

BARBARA CASTLE

Twelve Months Later

A YEAR ago, on the night of 12-13 May, a mob of Europeans, incited by a group of military and civilian conspirators, took by storm the headquarters of the Algerian administration. It was the beginning of the 'national revolution' which brought General de Gaulle back to power and produced only one casualty, the Republic. The Fourth Republic passed away because of the incapacity of its leaders and the unwillingness of the majority of the French to lift a finger in its defence. Today, a year after, it is worth asking whether the loss was a serious one.

In metropolitan France, life goes on in much the same way. True, the budget, passed by ordinance, has increased the difficulties of the lower-paid workers; but a similar programme of austerity could well have been imposed by a government under the Fourth Republic. From time to time, the government seizes newspapers – but that custom dates from before May 1958. The radio and television have become simply organs of government propaganda: but this is merely the acceleration of a tendency apparent for some years. In short, though the present regime rules in a manner which anyone accustomed to genuinely democratic institutions is bound to find scandalous, few people here are shocked – for the simple reason that they had grown accustomed to 'limited democracy' long before the 'peaceful revolution' formalised it.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to underrate the importance of this formalisation. In the recent past France was undemocratic *de facto;* now it is undemocratic *de jure.* A constitution which deprives parliament of any legal initiative, and in which the threat of a dissolution is used against deputies who oppose the dictates of the executive, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called parliamentary. In a strict sense, a legal code which punishes 'any action likely to undermine the morale of the army or the nation' is an instrument of totalitarian rule for, if literally applied, it forbids all criticism of the men in power. Then there is the reorganisation of the army, to allow its deployment on an 'interior front' in case of 'emergency' – a characteristic precaution of a regime planning to perpetuate itself by force. The list could be continued indefinitely. The authorities on constitutional law are unanimous in stigmatising the anti-republican character of Gaullist legislation. There is little point, however, in analysing these laws clause by clause. The question which must be answered is: how was a country traditionally attached to its democratic liberties brought to accept these laws so easily?

The answer, I believe, lies in two things: public confidence in de Gaulle's 'liberalism', and the success of his paternalist propaganda. 'Do I look as if I'd want to be a dictator at the age of 67?' – this famous question, asked by the General at the height of the May crisis, played a big part in reassuring the French. After all, on the other side of the Mediterranean, there were men who really did aspire to be dictators; the democrats apparently lacked the will to prevent them from achieving their ambitions; and here was a man, who had played an honourable role in the past and who now proposed to deliver the country from the nightmare of civil war, reminding them that when he held power before he had not attempted to behave like a Hitler or a Stalin. The first step was thus quickly taken. Later, in proposing anti-democratic legislation, the General and his entourage winked an eye, as it were, at the public: 'Don't worry, we're not going to exercise the powers you're giving us too strictly'. And so far, in fact, this has proved to be true.

The best example of this mild, paternalist spirit has been furnished by M. Michelet, the Minister of Justice. At a press conference, in the course of explaining the new law which forbids criticism of a court verdict, he answered a journalist who pointed out that Zola would not have been allowed to publish *J'Accuse* under this law. Without a trace of irony, Michelet replied that, if such a case were to occur, he personally would take steps to ensure that a future Zola was not prosecuted or his article seized. Fine: but what happens when Michelet is no longer the Minister? Or when his ministerial colleagues decide that the law must be enforced?

'France is a country of sleeping *petits bourgeois*' – I have heard this remark from men of the right as well as the left. Both sides have tried, during the last year, to wake up their compatriots in an attempt to persuade them either to take part in the 'task of national renewal' or the defence of republican principles. Neither has succeeded. Meanwhile, de Gaulle has been able to steer his ship through the calm waters of national apathy. If France had no colonies, there would be no reason why he should not go on for ever. But Algeria, alas, still exists. And Algeria is not a *petit bourgeois* problem. It is the only real battle: it is carried on in the corridors, through the plots and counter-plots in the ministerial cabinets, in the waiting-rooms of the Elysées Palace. It will decide the ultimate character of the regime.

The Gaullist barons, centred round their monarch, agree neither on the necessity to continue the war nor on the means whereby it can be ended. Their disagreements, indeed, reflect those which exist throughout the French ruling class. French big business is worried by the continuation of a war which is draining France of its money and man-power. But equally it fears the emergence of an Algerian Moslem state which would control the access to Sahara oil and withdraw the cheap Algerian labour which forms a convenient sub-proletariat within French society. Hence, some favour a compromise, others intransigence: each side has its own network of officials – almost its own secret police. A member of the government was recently heard to say, in listing his administrative assistants: 'I know that X is

A's man, and that Y is B's. But C must have a man in my office too. Which one is he?'

The ramifications of the barons' plots extend, naturally, to Algeria, and above all to the army in Algeria. The General, anxious to appear to the public as the custodian of legality and not as the representative of a military clique, has made considerable efforts to divide and disperse the officers who took a prominent part in the events of last May. On the other hand, at no time has he been willing to disavow what they did; hence, to remove them he has been forced to resort to promotion. The efficacy of this technique is dubious: generals like Salan or Allard can influence events in Algeria perfectly well from their headquarters in Paris or Germany. For them, May 1958 established a very useful precedent. Moreover, only a palace revolution is now required to turn France from a semi-democracy into a thoroughgoing totalitarian state.

But it is still anyone's guess what will happen. France cannot carry on the war of stalemate indefinitely, and sooner or later the whole nation, beginning with de Gaulle himself, will have to choose between total war and negotiation. Meanwhile, the civilised world, after the alarms of last May, has settled down to live with the Gaullist regime. The pessimists have been confounded: de Gaulle has not left Nato, nor has he set up concentration camps. He himself reveals a surprisingly liberal turn of mind in conversation with visiting politicians. Mr Gaitskell, and others, have been reassured. And yet—the machinery of authoritarianism is now in place: all that is required is to set the levers in motion. As Baudelaire wrote: *La plus grande ruse du diable est de faire croire qu'il n'existe pas.*

K. S. KAROL

Paris.

London Diary

ON 11 May headlines on the *Daily Telegraph* front page read 'Russian troops in Afghanistan'. The story was that a 'small Soviet force' had taken positions outside Herat 'with the acquiescence of the Afghan government'; the Persian government was deeply concerned with this threat on its frontier. The story came from Ian Colvin, the *Telegraph's* special correspondent in Teheran. Since the *Daily Telegraph* is supposed to be a serious paper, one began by assuming some basis of truth in this alarming story. There appears to be no truth in it whatever. I have not yet seen a contradiction printed in the *Telegraph*, though the Afghan Embassy tells me they have sent a denial. I have not seen the story mentioned in any other paper, and it appears to have been a little cold war propaganda timed to coincide with the Shah's visit here and the foreign minister's conference at Geneva.

* * *

I only once had a long personal talk with Sir Samuel Hoare. He was not then Lord Templewood and we didn't associate him particularly with penal reform. He was the least of the four fatal personalities who led us relentlessly, step by step, into the war against Hitler. We felt less grim about him than about Chamberlain; he was not personally detested as Sir John Simon was; he did not receive the meed of reluctant respect that was always accorded Halifax. We knew him as a very able, tight-lipped, scholarly, ambitious Quaker who had occupied most Cabinet posts, helped to make England a power in the air, and been, for a short disastrous period, Foreign Secretary. The occasion of our talk was early in the war when many of us who had backed Churchill and worked for collective security found ourselves committed to the kind of war which we always said we would never support—a war on one, not on two fronts, with every ally and every principle sacrificed, and no apparent prospect either of victory or of credit. I must have expressed bitter doubts about the future and about responsibility for supporting such a war. I remember Hoare's reply: 'Well, it would be a pity to break the common front now that we have all got into line. I can see you are in much the same state of mind that I was in over the Abyssinian issue'. I saw what he meant. At Geneva in the autumn of 1935 I had myself heard him make the emphatic promise that Britain would offer unflinching 'resistance to unprovoked aggression'; only a few weeks later he patched up his shabby deal with Laval, was met with a howl of execration from the public and thrown to the wolves by Stanley Baldwin. Hoare's case, I take it, was that he found that the French and other League powers would not see a sanction policy through; that he therefore agreed to jettison the League and fake up a dishonourable settlement at the expense of the Abyssinians who would, at any rate, lose less by betrayal than if they were encouraged to fight. The actual result was the worst of all possible worlds, as I suppose it would have been if we had patched up, certainly a very temporary, peace with Hitler after the destruction of Poland. It was an instructive conversation, in which I should think Hoare came as near to self-revelation as he ever did except amongst intimates.

* * *

Sydney Silverman has lost no time in moving for the abolition of the death penalty, using the Marwood case as an illustration of 'the anomalies of the Homicide Act, which discriminates between capital and non-capital murders by arbitrary categories which bear no relation to the comparative wickedness of the crimes and are an abiding offence to the sense of justice and good sense of the community'. This is the logic of the matter; how many more hangings the public will demand or, in the long run, tolerate? As for the demonstration outside Pentonville Prison last Friday, I can find no evidence that it was organised by any of the penal reform groups. The authorities behaved provocatively in staging the execution in the condemned man's own neighbourhood. The result was a sort of flashback to the prison riots of the 18th century when public executions were often occasions for the prisoner's friends to stage demonstrations against the authorities.

* * *

We talk about going back to the Middle Ages as if that meant an increase in our present level of cruelty, faith and violence. In fact, ideological hatred, violence in reprisal for violence; torture to get information; inquisition to get confessions—these are becoming the daily characteristics of our times. England, which, like Scandinavia, has been so far largely immune, is increasingly infected. Violent crime creates among the less thinking people a demand for violent reprisal. The Home Office, with Mr Butler here playing an honourable part, maintains a rational resistance. Take two letters from the *Daily Telegraph* of 12 May. A Mr Hitchens (of Bristol) speaks of 'these sentimentalists who have steadily pressed for the lessening of penalties for crimes of violence.' He apparently refers to those of us, who, acquainted with history and supported by an authoritative Royal Commission, have pointed out that violent punishment has never decreased criminal violence. He then goes on, with a revealing lack of logic, to speak of these sentimentalists hesitating 'over legislation on the carrying of lethal weapons.' Yet this is what the opponents of capital punishment particularly demand. These sentimentalists are also accused of refusing to see in the mass exploitation of sex and violence the direct incitement to crime, though it was again the same 'sentimentalists' who were responsible for the legislation against horror-comics and who express most concern about the effects of commercial sadism. Then a Janet Wise (from Pulborough) is quite sure 'in spite of the statistics that have been made to prove the contrary', that criminals are deterred by corporal punishment. The fact, oddly enough, as she can satisfy herself from prison memoirs as well as statistics, is that flogging is ineffective. Flogging did not end garrotting and there are many cases of criminals being given the cat several times.

* * *

I hear some very odd stories about the rows which led to the break-up of Common Cause, the anti-Communist propaganda group which was set up eight years ago. Some of its members seem to have believed that it was an all-party movement which opposed all forms of totalitarianism, but its self-appointed executive—which never held an election—had different ideas. Their main interest seems to have been in right-wing intrigue in the trade unions and among students. Two years ago the executive employed a certain David Irving as a student organiser for a 'front' called the National Guardian Organisation. Mr Irving, who calls himself 'a mild Fascist', recently managed to get himself appointed as editor of a magazine designed to raise funds for the World University Service. On the eve of publication other students at London University discovered that, in the middle of this 'rag' magazine, Mr Irving had inserted an eight page section boosting his own extremist politics. There was an article lauding apartheid and deriding students who had protested against discrimination in South African universities. An editorial supported Mosley's scheme of European Union and, after remarking that Hitler's regime was 'the first great unifying force Europe had known for six hundred years', it said Britain had been on the wrong side in the last war. This insert was removed from the magazine at the last minute and at a cost which, the present editors say, will wipe out the profits for charity.

* * *

Comments on our blunt remarks about the King Slickey hullabaloo last week have given me a lot of quiet fun. Some people have complained that we were rude; we certainly were. But, oh, how mealy mouthed in comparison with our radical ancestors who had not learnt, only a hundred years ago or less, to regard Royalty, especially foreign Royalty, as sacred cows! One of these days I shall reprint a book I once wrote which quotes what the papers used to say about Royal personages. On this occasion Fleet Street comments have been interesting. The *Observer's* reference last Sunday suggested that they would like to have said much the same thing if they had not been conscious of only recently growing out of their top hats. Working journalists from a number of newspapers, including *The Times*, have gone out of their way to express envious agreement. What *would* Fleet Street be like if it was run by journalists and not kept by its proprietors within the advertisers' Establishment? But the comment that pleased me most came from a highly placed civil servant who said to me that if we really had to say tha could we not have waited a week until the Shal had gone home?

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Perhaps it is something to do with a shared subconscious group mind stemming back to the remote days of a common tribal life that makes us ask so easily, 'What is it like in Persia today?'—*The Times.* (B. Martin.)

Breaking into a house and then getting into a bed in which a husband and wife were sleeping was a very dangerous thing to do, said Judge Neville Laski, Recorder of Liverpool, at Liverpool Crown Court.—*News of the World.* (D. McCormick.)

The jury that sat at the trial of mass murderer Peter Manuel is not to hold a reunion dinner after all.

'Because of publicity we thought it wise to call it off,' said the jury's foreman, Mr Robert Gillies, of Glasgow, yesterday. He sent out the invitations.

'The whole thing is very disappointing. This was not meant as a morbid or macabre meeting. It was to have been a happy social event.'—*Reynolds News.* (D. G. Williams.)

They were the members of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, the Queen's Bodyguard—a body so exclusive that there has been a waiting list of would-be entrants for 450 years.

Their pay for guarding the Queen's person is 28s. a week plus the right to travel on British Railways at two-thirds fare.—*Daily Express.* (Janet Whisker.)

Why do Socialist MPs go out of their way to make life easy for criminals?

Crime has a nuisance value for Socialists. They can pretend it is a result of Conservative policy.—Letter in *Hornsey Journal.* (R. Courtney.)

The overflow of distinguished guests perched on gilt chairs in the royal tier and peered over the flower hung parapet. Below them, the classical figurines had been discreetly clothed in flower dresses. —*News Chronicle.* (Ruth Collins.)

Summer Idyll

IMMEDIATELY below my bedroom window, my newly-mown grass glistens in the sun and the apple trees still hold their white blossom. The herbaceous border is coming to life and the hedge is thick and green. Through the leaves of a chestnut tree, I can see the fresh white paint of the greenhouse, where the young tomato plants are already a foot high and, to the side of it, I can see stalks thicker than my thumb rising from the asparagus bed I made only 12 months ago. I can hear the cuckoo and the faint whistle of an engine on the single-track branch line two miles away; but otherwise the air is soundless. In the field beyond the garden I can see the Guernsey gently grazing; but otherwise there is no movement nor sign of life. At half-past seven these mornings, the scene from my bedroom window gives the impression of contentment and peace. It is a misleading impression.

I shall not be able to mow that lawn again for another week, and by then I'll have a crop of dandelions at least as heavy as the crop of buttercups in the field we have just closed for hay. The greenness of the hedge comes mainly from stinging nettles, which we cannot kill unless we are prepared to kill the hedge as well. Because the herbaceous border is coming to life, my wife will have unending work keeping it clear of weeds—unending, because as like as not she won't begin it. The white on the apple trees is not all blossom. Much of it is woolly aphis. The Guernsey is suffering from mastitis and, anyway, is drying off, so that instead of her rich milk we shall have to rely on bottled white-wash all the summer long.

As my brain emerges from sleepiness, even the asparagus bed, my own creation with its layers of empty tins, old bicycle frames, iron bedstead, heaped manure and agricultural salt, begins to worry me. If I gather just one meal in this first year, shall I ruin the plants for the future? The experts contradict each other, and I cannot decide. Then I worry still more, thinking that the two calves, which I have brought in to save me work and keep by cropping the orchard, will break the wire at any moment and take the decision out of my hands. I look again at the greenhouse and remember that it is white only as far up as my wife can reach. The paint on the roof frames, which neither of us dare touch, is blistered down to the bare wood: and the paint on the outhouses is blistered too—where it has not been gnawed away by pigs. Those pigs! They eat at least as well as I do and then loll in the sun all day—when they are not playfully smashing gates to get at the strawberries. They bite the hens and put them off laying. If the door is left open for a second they get into the milking parlour and treat it as a lavatory.

Yet these are the least of my worries in this peaceful countryside. On Saturday I shall be playing cricket for the village team; but can I hold my place? Last year I was pushed out by another left-hander who had the considerable advantage of still being able to see the ball. When, by continuous badgering, I succeeded in getting him a grant for further education at Birmingham University, I thought that all might yet be well; but now I'm told that he can get home at weekends. If he does, there will be no hope for me. Not even my important innings of 12, made on 31 May last year, will stand in my favour, since I got six of those runs when the ball dropped down a rabbit hole and the opposing team threatened thereafter to field ten men and a ferret.

If, however, I abandon the competitive world of village cricket and turn to the other important summer sport of the countryside—growing vegetables to show at the church fête—I shall land myself in a world not merely of straight competition, but of cunning, venomous hostility and skulduggery bordering on crime. Year after year tension mounts in the village until, even as early in the summer as this, no one speaks in a friendly tone, except to lean over the hedge and say: 'Ah, I see that last night's frost has caught your peas'. From now, the goings-on in our back-gardens will be as hush-hush as the goings-on at nearby Harwell, with one man spreading the secret mixture which brings his carrots up the size of table legs, another fixing special weights to his runner beans to make them grow long, and a third wiring his cauliflowers together so that three of them, to a short-sighted judge, come to look like a single monster. But at least this year we are not likely to have a row about the vegetable marrows.

For many years one man had been almost undisputed champion in this field. His vegetable marrows all looked as large as weaners, and the special one he reared each year for the show looked like a barrage-balloon. No one was ever allowed to look at it until fête-day—it was surrounded by a solid wooden fence; but its owner would come into the local from time to time with progress reports. One year he said that it had grown so big that he had had to move the fence. Next year he said that it had grown so big that it had moved the fence on its own—largely, he confided in a burst of confidence or an excess of beer, because he had pierced it with a needle from which a thread of cotton ran down into a jar of neat rum.

Unhappily, this particular specimen was stolen on the eve of the fête, and the owner's feelings were not soothed when his only rival suggested that the marrow, while staggering towards the pub for more rum, had fallen into the river. The champion tried again next year, but this time he added to his usual progress reports the warning that, with only six days to the fête, he was standing all-night guard with a shot gun. In fact, this proved not to be news, because for several nights past a farmer who had been up with calving trouble had heard heavy snores coming from the champion's garden. Naturally, the marrow was stolen again; but the owner had the laugh after all. He had secretly switched the marrow's diet from rum to paraffin, and his only rival was kept away from the fête by stomach trouble.

Both these men have been dead these many years, and no one since then has entered the marrow field; but as I leave the house and drive through sweet-smelling lanes, past rolling ridge and furrow meadows and carefully tended cottage gardens to the little country station, I brood upon the summer peace of Oxfordshire and I almost look forward to grinding out my living in London, where no one has more to worry about than being knocked down by a bus or catching an overdose of Strontium 90.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Criminal's Victim

MR BUTLER'S now famous white paper on *Penal Practice in a Changing Society* concluded with a list of research projects now in hand. The known antiquity of some of these, and the static quality of a few others, raised a wry grin among the people who have projects still to sell; but among the more interesting ones was the appointment of Dr Stephen Schafer to conduct a research into 'the legal aspects of restitution to victims of crime'. Before the Hungarian revolution in 1956, Dr Schafer was Professor of Criminology and Penology in the University of Budapest. He is now resident in this country, and I have just had a long talk with him about the progress of his investigations for the Home Office.

'I've almost finished,' he said. 'It is a matter now of compiling my report. From the information I have gathered from countries all over the world, I can see that this problem of compensating victims is intensifying, as the criminal codes of the world encroach more and more on the individual's right to retaliate in person. I suppose you could call it an aspect of the submergence of the individual by the gradual spread of civilised institutions.'

'Civilised institutions' seemed a generous phrase, coming from an individual with Dr Schafer's recent history: I couldn't forbear to ask him how he has been living since his arrival in this country. He has a bread-and-butter job with a West End business efficiency firm, and in the evenings now he teaches criminology in the United Kingdom branch of the University of Maryland. In addition to his report on restitution for victims (which will be published in the autumn by Stevens and Sons), he is preparing a textbook of criminology.

Two statements by well-known criminologists

Television for schools

Plans for the School Year 1959/60

On the advice of its Educational Advisory Council, Associated-Rediffusion are to *break new ground in Schools Television* with:

PROGRAMMES FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS
PROGRAMMES FOR SIXTH FORMS
A WIDER DAILY CHOICE OF SUBJECT

After two and a half years of Schools Television it is clear that certain subjects are proving themselves as perennials. 1959/60 will therefore include a science series running throughout the year, a drama series running for two terms, and further series on visual arts and the enjoyment of books.

The purpose of schools programmes has always been to supplement the teacher's own work by exploiting the resources of television to the full. These programmes bring into the classroom the real-life application of school subjects and aim at arousing the interest of children and encouraging them to further activity.

In the new academic year, two different schools programmes will be transmitted daily, the first from 2.45 to 3.10 and the second from 3.25 to 3.50, thus giving a wider daily choice of subjects than in previous years.

Fuller information about plans for 1959/60 — and details of the current summer term programmes — may be obtained from the Schools Liaison Officer, Associated-Rediffusion Limited, Television House, London, W.C.2.

For Scottish Schools there may be some rearrangement of programme times. Details may be obtained from the Schools Liaison Officer, Scottish Television Ltd., Glasgow.

These programmes are also available in the areas served by A.T.V. (Midlands), S.T.V. (Scotland), T.W.W. (S. Wales and the West of England), Southern Television, and T.T.T. (North East).

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

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seemed to him to set the background for his inquiry. First, an American, Negley R. Teeters:

> Our barbarian ancestors were wiser and more just than we are today, for they adopted the principle of restitution to the injured, which we have abandoned to the detriment of all concerned.

Then a Belgian, Adolf Prins, who half a century ago put it more bitterly:

> The guilty man, lodged, fed, clothed, warmed, lighted, entertained at the expense of the state in a model cell, issued from it with a sum of money lawfully earned, has paid his debt to society. He can set his victims at defiance. But the victim has his consolation: he can reflect that, by the taxes he pays to the Treasury, he has contributed towards the paternal care which has guarded the criminal during his stay in prison.

Since the medieval systems of compensation were supplanted by the modern concept of the fine, and all the money has thus gone to the state through one channel or another, a growing interest in the reformation of the criminal has been matched, says Dr Schafer, by a decreased care for the victim. It is wrong, he thinks, that punishment for the one and redress for the other should ever have become mutually exclusive. 'There is a double claim against the criminal: first, perhaps, for the restitution of law and order, but certainly then for pecuniary or other restitution to the victim himself.'

I asked him whether 'restitution' was the right word, since what it suggests is the return of stolen property, the making good of defalcations, and the payment, by someone convicted of 'malicious damage', of a sum of money towards the repair of the damaged property. The white paper used the word restitution, but was he working on the supposition that it included compensation for pecuniary as well as physical injury?

'It includes both,' he said. 'Compensation for every kind of criminal injury. The problem is really fivefold. There is first the question of victims of violence; then victims of theft or fraud; then compensation of any of these by the state; then compensation of any of them by the offender; and then the return by the offender of property he has stolen. I am required to examine the possibility of combining state compensation with the payment of monetary amends by the offender.'

I expressed my surprise that the Home Office are prepared to consider an all-embracing scheme to be feasible, since the provision for victims of fraud must inevitably be more difficult to safeguard from trickery.

'It's a wide field,' said Dr Schafer. 'And one has to guard against encouraging any bargaining between the victim and the law, or anything that would put a premium on carelessness with larcenable things.'

I asked him whether other countries had kept this distinction: I had in mind Senator Kefauver's 'Crime Investigating Committee' of 1951, with its revelation that the American police were sometimes the agents of the criminals in persuading victims to accept restitution, and the discovery that the criminal himself frequently makes his own contact with the victim, offering some restitution to avoid prosecution.

'Restitution and compensation', he said, 'must always be official, never private. A man must not be permitted to "buy his way out" of criminal liability. So far as my information goes at present, only Cuba and, to a lesser extent, Switzerland, are making any effort to deal with the problem – and they do not separate physical injury from pecuniary loss. Cuba is perhaps the only country where what I call restitution (that is, payment by the offender) exists as well as state compensation. The *Codigo de Defensa Social* establishes the right of every victim to claim for restitution; and if his claim is recognised it is paid by the *Caja de Resarcimientos*, a government agency – which, as a matter of fact, sometimes runs short of funds and then has to resort to apportionments.

'In Switzerland the courts can order the offender to compensate a victim *who is in need*. This rather looks as if the state is ready to hand over the job of public assistance to the oppressors of the poor, so to speak. It's only when the offender is without means that the state will pay any compensation – and I can't establish that this has ever yet been done.' Dr Schafer gave me examples from the legislation of many other countries. From all of these it appeared that 'restitution' and 'compensation' are treated as synonymous and are enforceable only where the criminal is wealthy enough to pay. The obvious difficulty of a state 'cover' for victims of pecuniary crime has seemed enough excuse for doing nothing about personal injury either.

'What I shall propose in my report to the Home Secretary,' said Dr Schafer, 'is a system which combines state compensation with restitution by the offender. It is plain that the state should do no more than augment what the offender himself is able to pay, and that in fixing what the offender can pay we must not condemn him to life-long servitude, in or out of prison. I do not subscribe to Herbert Spencer's proposal that the convicted person should work in a prison until he has made good the whole of the damage he has done. Where the full amount of compensation is beyond the offender's capacity or expectation, so that an order to pay the whole of it would endanger his livelihood, then such an order would be a perfect prescription for further crime. There is a point, ascertainable (with difficulty) in almost every case, at which what I would call the moral value of an order to look after a victim is destroyed by its total impracticability. Restitution is something the offender has to do, not something done for him or to him: its reformative value must therefore be carefully watched and protected.'

I asked if he had worked out the cost to the state and the best means of its fiscal collection. 'That is an actuarial calculation which is not entirely in my brief', he said. 'I am to report on the juridical and socio-criminological aspects of the proposal, getting what information I can (I do not think it will be much) on how any such scheme may have worked abroad. Most theories of punishment admit two elements: the protection of law and order, and the reform of the criminal. I can't see any difficulty in attaching a third – namely, restitution to the victim. This third element is present even now in the usual concept of punishment – the amount of the penalty usually reflects an attempt to match the degree of injury. Some of the classic Roman jurists described punishment as "satisfaction": this is the notion that should be revived.'

C. H. ROLPH

Going Native

I WAS just 20 and was knocking about New Zealand. I had tried cutting dung off sheep's bottoms, milking cows, cutting down scrub, selling disinfectant, and had drifted to Auckland. I decided to become a poet and I wrote effusions for the Auckland *Trumpeter;* ten shillings a time. One day I discovered a book in the public library called *Going Native*. It was about a man who decided to leave civilisation and bury himself somewhere in the Burmese jungle with numbers of young brown wives and barrels of palm wine. It fired my imagination to such an extent that I decided to do the same.

'By all means,' said the editor of the *Trumpeter,* 'but we can't actually pay any money.'

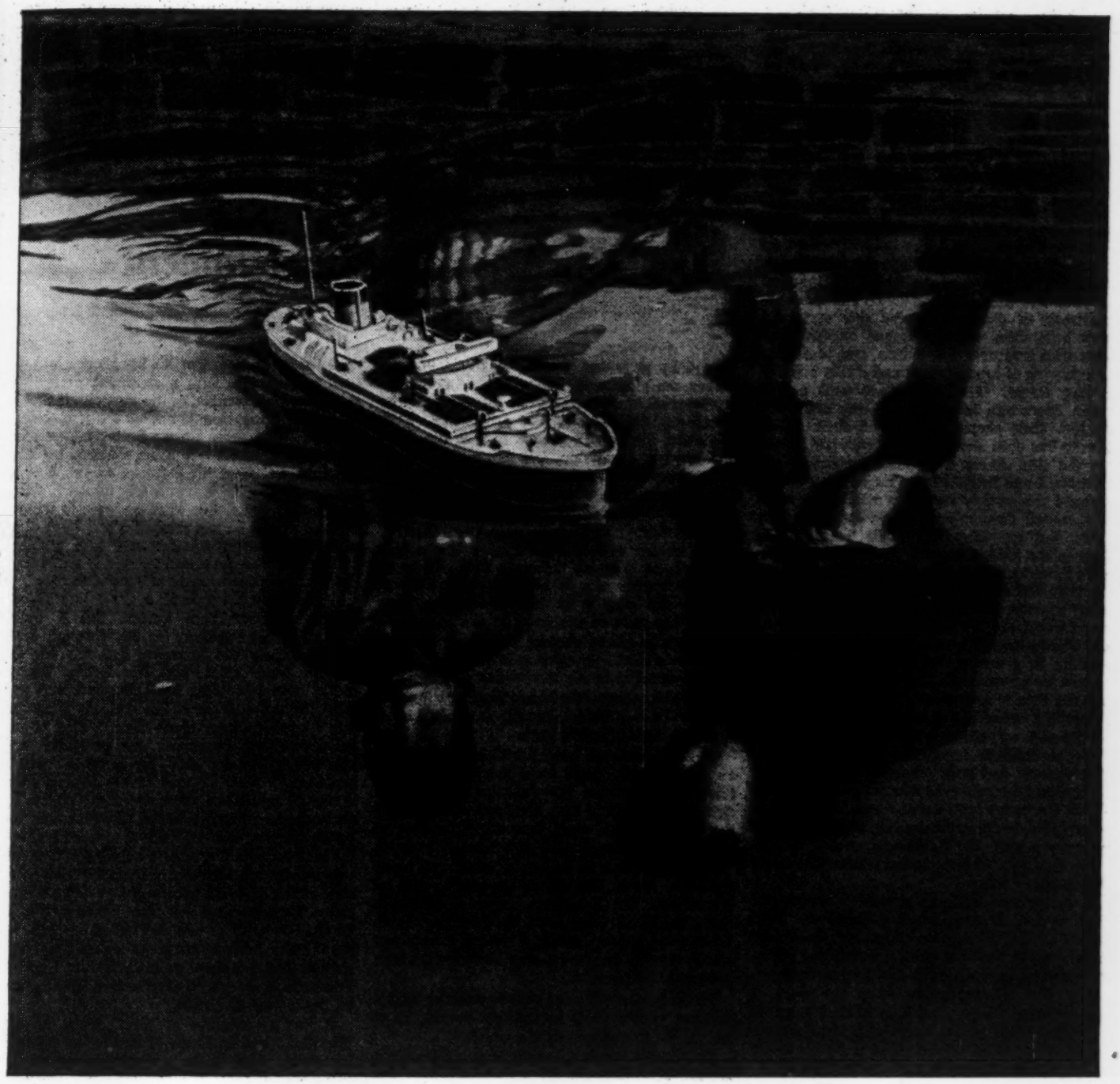
'But couldn't you let me have something in advance?' I asked.

'We could let you have ten shillings,' said the editor; 'and then, provided we liked the stories, we could send the payments to some convenient bank in the jungle.'

I thanked him and immediately sent a cable to my parents in London: 'SETTING OFF IMPORTANT EXPEDITION BURMA NEWSPAPER BACKING SEND MONEY URGENT'. Then I waited a week in a ruined boarding house full of coughing old men, who read books from the public library about fertility dances, vampire bats and lost races. Eventually the money arrived; I booked a berth on a ship and sailed off to Sydney.

I stayed in Sydney a week. It was full of brown parks, dry as old bones, and reminded me vaguely of a casual sort of London or New York – but for the huge, sad, patient brown trees. I went swimming on beaches which had fences to give electric shocks to sharks – the Australians have a sporting admiration for these fish. At the end of the week I got another ship to Singapore. This belonged to a Dutch line and looked very modern. I shared a small streamlined cabin with a young Australian called Bob Richards and a Chinese gentleman, who swamped the hot air with a sharp scent of decaying lilies. Bob Richards was a reprieved murderer springing at freedom like a freed panther. He seemed to consider killing the Chinaman, but changed his mind. 'If only it was a woman,' he said, sniffing the terrible, flowery air. Deprived of sex for five iron years, he now planned adventures on a colossal scale with the drive and precision of a general, and had even equipped himself with a large and complicated prophylactic kit which he was glad to explain to me. 'Indispensable for the islands,' he said; 'you should get one at the earliest opportunity.' But I was still very romantic and optimistic and lacked caution, as I still do.

Most of the other passengers on the boat were enormous Australians returning to their rubber plantations and they seemed to make the ship rock. Money was thrown about in the bar like confetti. It fell to the floor and was swept up. The Australians were accompanied by plump, overdressed wives and very pretty daughters. 'Leave them alone,' warned Bob; 'you need a couple of copper mines.' The boat, veering north, passed the Great Barrier Reef, and somewhere far out at sea a monster fish leapt into the air and exploded into the water like a bomb. I was the only person to see it. I talked about it in the bar and still talk about it. Nobody believed it. Nobody looked out to sea. The mysterious world of poets and madmen stretches far in the mind, can be touched rarely in the actual one. It bores most. At night I stood on deck with a ceiling of urgent stars and waited for something. Two days after passing the reef, I suddenly smelt the breath of flowers and turned, expecting the Chinaman. But I was alone. In the distance a bird called, clear and long; and I knew that out there was an island. Perhaps my island, the jungle of *Going Native*. I leant over the rail and was



Beside the ship canal . . .

In the year 1887, to the peninsula of the Wirral, in Cheshire, came excavation and construction gangs . . . and the lonely peace of the marshes vanished for ever.

Seven years later – on May 21st, 1894, to be precise – the Manchester Ship Canal was formally opened by Queen Victoria.

Today, on the banks of the Ship Canal, stand two of the largest centres of chemical production in Europe – the chemical plants at Carrington and Stanlow. At Carrington, outstanding developments include the production of new and important plastics; from Stanlow comes 'Teepol', the first synthetic detergent produced in Great Britain on a large scale, also high-purity solvents, 'Epikote' resins and other products.

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aware, sadly, that this was the nearest I should get to the East. I returned to the cabin. Bob was sharpening up his prophylactic kit, while the Chinaman knelt in the corner praying. 'We'll be in Sourabaya tomorrow,' he said, his eyes glinting.

In the morning there was land through the porthole. It was coloured like a dream or a post-card, brilliant green palms, fire red sampans, moon-white houses. The Australians were lined up against the deck rails, bursting with energy, shouting into the shimmering air, their women and children packed behind. It was an invasion. When we disembarked, I was suddenly swept up by ten of them, pushed through the thin streets. 'Come on, boy,' shouted the leader. 'Rickshaws.' We piled into rickshaws and rolled into a minuscule world of gold-beaters and tiny oxen and silver bells. Men sat crosslegged outside their shops with hammers and chisels, and there was a shuddering of beaten metal and a thin scent of burning leaves. The Australians and myself looked enormous. Many of the tiny craftsmen ran into their shops and banged their doors. Women like dolls shouted 'It's them', and pelted into the side streets. I couldn't get out of my rickshaw; I was British; I was huge; I was inarticulate; I desperately needed a magic potion to make myself smaller and scuttle away into the jewels and the sandalwood – the small bright chant in the hidden temple.

We drank bottles of beer and broke up brothels. Everyone and everything was running – the little flower women, the small oxen, all the strange sacred world which I was covering for the *Auckland Trumpeter*. Twice I caught a glimpse of Bob – sitting in a carriage surrounded by ten tiny women. He waved to me, and his face was shining with the light of a prophet. I thought desperately of jumping out of my rickshaw and joining him, but the pace was too fast; the angry exalted faces of the Australians shone like back block suns; their courage and male outrage sent the insects to the sky and toppled the houses of alabaster and silk. A few hours later I was drunk; the exterior vision faded, and at some time in the night I woke up in my bunk in the Dutch ship, sniffing the old dying lilies and listening to the triumphant snore of Bob above me.

A day or two later we arrived in Singapore. Now at last I could break through the false British façade, the assumed stigma of the public school, and find my young brown wives and palm-wine barrels, and pin some sort of two-betrayed poetry, like new butterflies, on to the pages of the *Auckland Trumpeter*. But when I tried to leave the ship, I was stopped by a smart, sharp-nosed immigration officer. 'You want to reside in Singapore?' he asked.

'Yes,' I said.

'What is your profession?' he asked.

'Writer,' I said, 'I am working for the *Auckland Trumpeter*.'

He seemed unimpressed. 'How much money have you for your stay?'

'About two pounds ten,' I said, 'at the particular moment'.

His mouth went thin. 'In that case,' he said, 'You cannot possibly land.'

I almost began to explain about the brown wives and the palm-wine barrels, but decided it would be better to remain silent.

'It's no good', said the official, 'you must remain in the ship until it returns to Sydney.'

I stood on the deck and looked out at the harbour. Rattling up the quay in a carriage with two plumed horses was Bob, with five women throwing streamers. The Chinaman was prostrating himself at the feet of an old man with a white beard, and in the distance was a faint roar of Australians making for the bars. I went down to my cabin, took out some paper and began to write my first article for the *Auckland Trumpeter*.

ANTHONY CARSON

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETING
PETERBOROUGH
THE TRADE UNIONS AND NUCLEAR WEAPONS
Town Hall May 22nd 7.30 p.m.
Speakers:
CLIVE JENKINS TED BEDFORD ROBERT DAVIES

Further particulars from Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 143 Fleet Street, E.C.4 FLE 4175

The Arts and Entertainment

1959 and All That

THE daily press has given *The World of Paul Slickey* the treatment. But since Mr Osborne's new musical attacks the press barons and the journalists, the Church, the aristocracy, Tory politicians, the death sentence, income tax, West End theatre, censorship, war films – everything, in short, that is now being attacked except humanism – the treatment was the least he could expect. Anyone who serves neither God nor mammon is in for trouble.

The charge against *Paul Slickey* is the only one likely to hurt Mr Osborne: it is said to be dull. As malice this is obviously effective; as regards the play it is hardly accurate. *Paul Slickey* has most of the faults in the book:

(1) It is in places obvious, as though Mr Osborne were merely translating into stage dialogue evils he attacked in his *Declaration* essay.

(2) When serious – the hero's yearnings towards decency – it is a bit incoherent, as seems inevitable with Mr Osborne's work.

(3) It is *much* too long; Mr Osborne, or some outside director, could have pruned the whole thing: for example, the final nonsense about changing sex should have gone out entirely. It is the kind of 'fairy' story that might interest an analyst, but as stage satire it is simply tiresome.

(4) The work is in two styles which are never quite related: on one side is the tough satire on journalism, like a milder, more inconclusive *Sweet Smell of Success*; on the other is a P. G. Wodehouse fantasy world of fading aristos and stately homes, done as a broad and surprisingly good natured farce.

(5) Christopher Whelen's music is of the empty, tuneless variety used, in intimate revues, so as not to get in the way of the words.

(6) But the words, a couple of songs excepted, are not good enough:

> When the springs of the bed rust
> There'll be no place to look for a crust.

It takes more than a rhyme tacked on to a line of prose to make a lyric, even for a musical.

(7) Kenneth Macmillan's excellent choreography had almost no relation to the plot.

(8) With two exceptions, the actors all shout their lines in bright, monotonous musical comedy voices, as though they'd stepped straight out of *The Boy-Friend*. They do not, in fact, do justice to Mr Osborne's writing. The exceptions are Marie Löhr, who was resplendent and vague as Lady Mortlake, and Philip Locke, whose frocked scout-master, Father Evilgreene, steals the show – his hipster funeral service is Mr Osborne's most savagely worked-out bright idea to date.

It has, in short, almost every fault. But it is not dull. Mr Osborne is an extremely bright man who is never, at any point, at a loss for *something* clever to say. On the whole, he is impartial: he hates everything. But his impatience and distrust provide him with a continual, compulsive eloquence. His trouble, at the moment, is that he is for ever being eloquent about the same things. Paul Slickey is only Jimmy Porter plus *n* thousands a year, where *n* is large. By now, we know perfectly well what Mr Osborne doesn't like; we know, too, that he is immensely talented, clever, cutting and so on. But what we want to know is whether or not he can produce a real work of art in which he copes imaginatively with problems and people who move and think and feel outside the intense, private world of John Osborne.

For the next three Sundays the Palace Theatre is also housing Tom Lehrer. It's a shame they can't get together, for Mr Lehrer's lyrics have precisely the invention and wit Mr Osborne's badly need, and Mr Lehrer himself might gain something by being involved in a fully professional show. His raucous voice and wry wisecracks have about them a kind of perverse collegiate heartiness that somehow stops you taking him seriously. He is on the way to becoming a Noel Coward of the Fifties, which means he writes not about the upper classes but about the middling psychotics. (He remarked with satisfaction as the audience thundered applause for his Mother's Day song on Oedipus: 'I see the out-patients are out in force tonight'.) Two of the new additions to his shook-up repertoire, 'Masochism Tango' and a revivalist hymn on the H-bomb, 'We'll all go together when we go', take the Charles Addams wit to its logical conclusion, though they are about as funny as the Dance of Death. Still, in his inimitable and ghastly way, he has a kind of genius.

It was adventurous of the Old Vic to stage *The Cenci* and let Leslie Hurry design the thing for them. Alas, their adventurousness stopped there. Mr Michael Benthall realised, apparently, that he was committed to an extraordinarily bad play, and so he played it straight for its badness. There seems no other reason for the unimaginative grouping, the seemingly endless pauses in blackness between scenes while bells tolled, the scenery was thumped about and the thread was broken. *The Cenci* may be bad, but it's not as bad as all that. I had the impression Mr Benthall had got together with his two leading male actors – Hugh Griffiths and John Phillips – and decided to send the whole show up. Both actors played as though parodying some Victorian melodrama, with much rolling of eyes and lines, and much biting of nether lips. This is, I grant, one way of interpreting the play, but they should have warned Barbara Jefford, for she was obviously trying to make the best of her part, acting with dignity and conviction, and speaking the lines as though they were something more than rather abstract pastiche Shakespeare.

You take twins,

Summer. Fitful sunshine. Birds, butterflies.
Drive to Whapsnade? . . . Wondermere? . . . Weston-Super-Market?
Why, sure. Makes nice change.

George take Mirabelle, Granny, Mrs. Bagstraw, Dr. Jameson, little Bernie,
little Hilda, groundsheet, lilo, sandwiches, dogs, parrot, pushchair.
Why, sure, you take twins . . .

Hey, No! Hang it. Take twins? Born twiddlers.
Tweak hair, ears. Twist ashtray. Drop toffee.
Wind window-winder. *Turn door handles.* Madness!
Mind boggles. Not on.

Ah, but . . . your car has safety handles! New fitted. Twiddle proof.
Wilmot Breeden. So okay, okay.

For this relief, much. Wilmot thrice blessed Breeden.
Children's safety handles (to fit). Children's safety catches (as fitted).
Handle won't unlock door, door won't open.
Door won't open, twins won't bounce. Simple as.

Virtually every British car roads today some components Wilmot Breeden.
Mind at ease. Unboggle.

WILMOT BREEDEN are at Birmingham: *also at London, Manchester, Bridgwater, Glasgow, Melbourne, Toronto.*

Wallace Douglas's production of Lonsdale's *Let Them Eat Cake*, at the Cambridge, is on the other hand wholly successful parody. Everything, from Doris Zinkeisen's costumes and decor down to the programme, is pre-World-War I. Perhaps that's the only way of making pre-World-War II drawing-room comedy tolerable. It would not be amusing with the Depression as its background. But who cares what happened before the flood? As it is, the dialogue is light and mildly witty; Claude Hulbert, Henry Kendall and Guy Middleton do an excellent aristocratic Marx Brothers act; Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Eunice Gayson add the correct amount of polish and simper.

A. ALVAREZ

Return to Pimlico

CRITICS, like MPs, should declare their interest, and I must therefore state that I have a stake in the reputation of Shelley House, Churchill Gardens, Pimlico. Once upon a long vacation, I worked on it as a brickies' labourer. This was ten years ago when the Churchill Gardens scheme was the white hope of all architectural students – a piece of large-scale rehousing for some thousands of souls, awarded, after a competition, to a design-team with the dew of architecture-school still fresh in their eyes: Hidalgo (Joe) Moya, and the Powell Brothers.

In those days all there was to see were three business-like, rather hard-faced ten-storey slabs, slicing purposefully toward the river through a chaos of contractors' tackle, plain rubbish and the hulks of old buildings. Many a sunny lunch-hour among the bristling ends of reinforcing rods on the parapetless roof (one slip, and curtains, among the brickbats a hundred feet below!) we student- bourers would haggle over the standards o ommodation provided, and – more particularly - e planning methods employed. The inevitable comparison was with Tecton's Hallfield scheme in Paddington, where high and low blocks were being laid out on a regular classical grid, balanced about a central axis that rode slap-dab over the old street plan and the accidents of topography.

At Pimlico, however, it was a question of a phased plan where the building programme had to be fitted into the existing topography, while the site was being acquired and cleared block by block. No easily readable grand design was to encompass the lot, but separately conceived areas were to grow together into an organic whole – 'picturesque' was the nearest one could get to a methodological label. And we wondered how it would look. As it was then, it was symbolically magnificent, with the clean new blocks towering over the slummy groundscape like the fade-out sequence from a Ministry of Housing documentary. But when the slums were all gone, and there was nothing to compare the new buildings with – well, what then?

To find out, ten years later, you take a 24 bus to Grosvenor Road and get a panoramic ride round three sides of the scheme. The bus picks up with Churchill Gardens in Lupus Street and takes you past the three blocks of shops with maisonettes over, urban street-scape on a scale (five storeys high) unknown in London since the war until Eastbourne Terrace was rebuilt. The last block westwards has no shops, and is set back slightly to leave a green strip in front, but it maintains the same scale and structure as the other two. Then the bus turns riverwards down by two blocks more recent than those on which I dropped bricks, with improbable Chirico playgrounds behind them.

Grosvenor Road now reached, it turns along the river front – vast panorama of Battersea Power station to your right, neat new terraces named after Smilesian hero-figures like Telford on your left – and stops at the terminus, and you get out facing what? A pocket of old Pimlico – a pub, a minute balconied terrace, a Betjemanian Church, and another pub behind, the Balmoral Castle, standing up on a now-pointless corner, isolated like a false-front saloon in a ghost town in the Far West. In other words, and as other fragments amply demonstrate, enough of the old has been left to give point to the new.

But there is more to it than this. The conservation of these relics among the new work has been handled with eye-popping scenic skill – the relationship of the Balmoral Castle to the terrace to its west, the slab and the hot-water tower to its east, deserves to become a textbook case for all town improvers to meditate on. This is not happy-accident planning, this is the controlled-accident-ploy. It is – and here I must pause to hint at another interest – the *Architectural Review's* 'Townscape' attitude in action. Whether this is coincidental or not, I can't say, but all over the unbuilt ground surface of the Churchill Gardens estate there is evidence of an attitude indistinguishable from Townscaping.

Instead of the dreary old drill of laying out the blocks for daylight angles, putting in roads and services for the shortest, cheapest runs, grassing over the rest and then hurriedly putting up chestnut fencing to stop the kids ruining the grass, Churchill Gardens has had money and skill lavished on 'the space between buildings'. Hence the dream-playgrounds, the carefully studied road surfaces, the meaningful and unselfconscious use of objects like bollards, the changes of levels, the pedestrian snickets and underpasses, the places round the back of things where a man can lift the cylinder-head of his motor-bike without making the place look like a set for a Ted Willis film.

That is the answer to our rooftop questions of ten years ago. The buildings, which are good even by the competitive standards set by the LCC's Roehampton estate, have been drawn into a comprehensible whole, not by a rigorous master-plan of abstract patterns on the map, but by a sensitive, *ad hoc*, piece-by-piece exploitation of the places where you stand, where you walk, where you play, and of what you can see in your immediate surroundings as you do so. If the Picturesque Tradition means anything viable and valuable today, it means this.

REYNER BANHAM

Concert in D

NOT all concerts of great music make great concerts. The fact that the whole of the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert last week added up to rather less than the gigantic sum of its three parts – the Figaro Overture, the first Brahms Piano Concerto, and the Bruckner Ninth Symphony – was to some extent the fault of programme building. Another Mozart Overture, another Brahms Concerto, another Bruckner Symphony, and the result would have been very different. But an evening which opens in D major, and then continues with two titanic arguments in and about D minor is an imposition which must distress even those of us who do not possess absolute pitch.

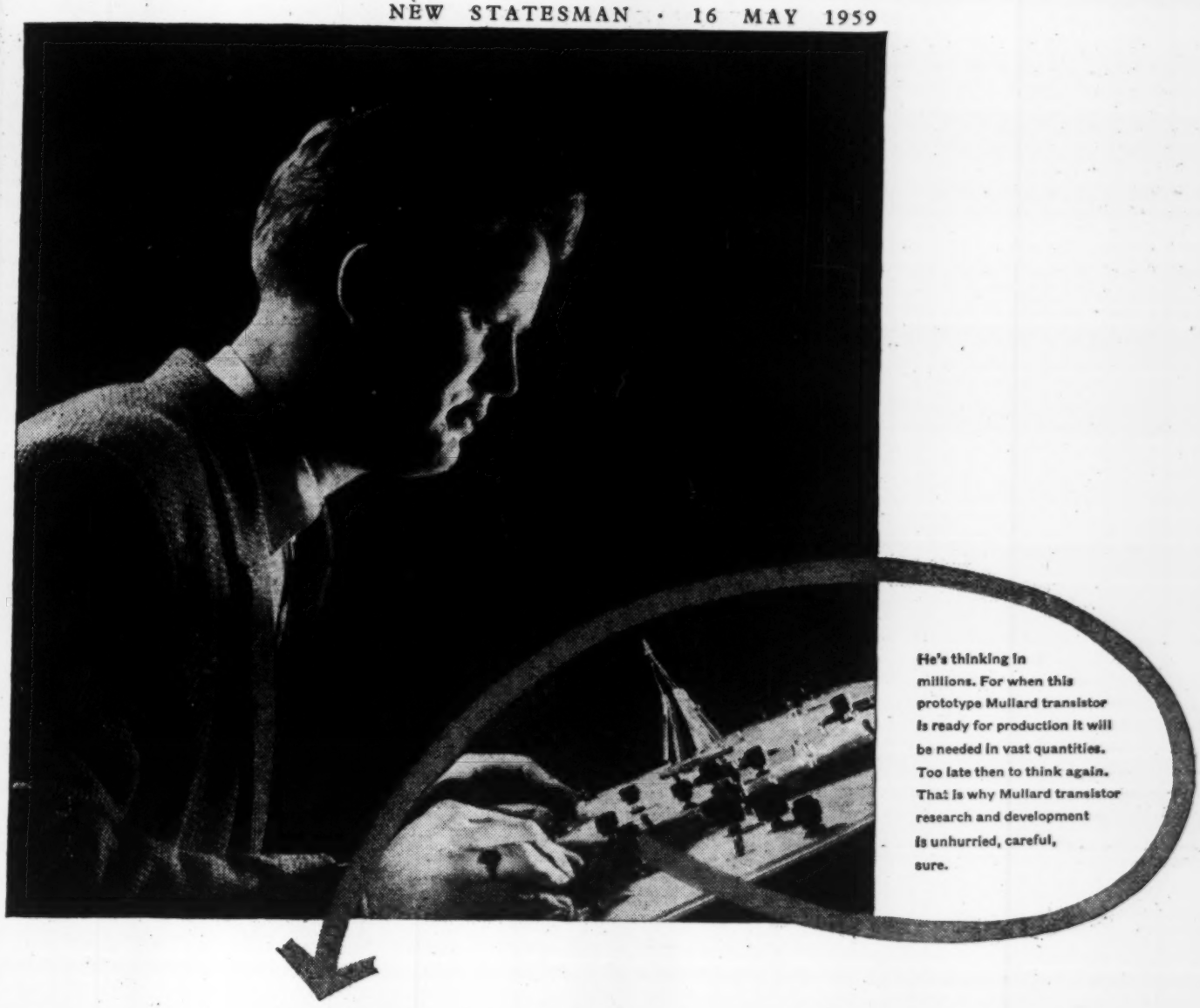
Jascha Horenstein enjoys a high reputation for his readings of late-Romantic symphonies, and his interpretation of Bruckner's earlier D minor Symphony (the 3rd) for the BBC some time ago showed that the reputation is not without justification. All the more dangerous, then, was his partial failure on this occasion. A listener who knew other Bruckner symphonies but had not heard the Ninth before, could have been forgiven for wondering if this was really the crowning achievement that admirers claim it to be.

No doubt it was the scherzo which saved the day for many listeners. It is the easiest movement of the three, and Horenstein surmounted its most notable difficulties – such as the shaping of the second idea of the trio – with considerable skill. Yet it was precisely this success that confirmed the failure of the interpretation as a whole. Granted the astounding originality of the scherzo – especially of its 'pianissimo tension' – it is obvious that the movement must be dominated by those on either side of it. Here, the problems are more complex. A real sympathy with the oddity of Bruckner's time-world is indispensable. The golden rule is '*festina lente*'! If sequential transitions or extended pedal-points are hurried, either out of embarrassment or an urge to heighten the drama, they break down altogether, because their peculiar harmonic animation depends on the very clear expression of vertical and horizontal occurrences. Horenstein was not always faithful to this principle, and even when thematic material was reached, one could not rely on its being fully characterised. Bruckner's typical direction, 'Broad', was all too often interpreted as no more than a slight accelerando. And the general-pauses, as varied in structural purpose as the different marks of grammatical punctuation, all tended to 'sound' alike in this performance. Bruckner is by no means as easy-going as some of his conductors.

The outstanding musical event of this concert

The London Magazine

*The June Number now on sale (3s 6d) contains a previously unpublished autobiographical essay by **Dorothy Richardson,** a discussion of her novel-sequence 'Pilgrimage' by **Rachel Trickett,** and an account of A Last Meeting with her, by **Vincent Brome;** a new story THE TUNNEL by the Swiss novelist and dramatist **Friedrich Dürrenmatt;** an autobiographical fragment, THE FORKED ISLAND by **Dom Moraes;** a recently re-discovered poem THE DEATH OF SOCRATES written in his early youth by **A. E. Housman;** new poems by **John Holloway, John Heath-Stubbs** and others; and reviews by W. W. Robson, Margaret Lane, Anthony Quinton, Roy Fuller, J. I. M. Stewart and others.



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was Clifford Curzon's interpretation of the Brahms Concerto. It is an impertinence to point to accidents when confronted with so masterful a design. Conversely, no service is done by praising Curzon's technique without suggesting how it serves the music. His forceful statement of the D minor Rondo theme easily grips the listener, but the supple way he phrases the lyrical F major variant of the Rondo belongs to the same technique, and is no less remarkable. The inspired *espressivo* of his very first entry is as much a part of his strength as the *con passione* drama of his Finale.

DAVID DREW

Any Safe Questions?

FOR relatively free people, it is an exciting experience to answer questions put orally, and in a fairly uninhibited way, by those who are less free – prisoners in Wandsworth, for instance, or servicemen attending a 'voluntary' lecture. So I should like to have been, though of course I could not have been, one of the team of four speakers whom the BBC recently sent to Spain to do a kind of *Any Questions?* in Spanish, with local chairmen, at public halls in Madrid, Bilbao and Barcelona. Despite forecasts of failure, these sessions were highly successful: in Barcelona twice as many people as usually attend a public lecture came to the hall through heavy rain. Edited recordings are being broadcast from London in the BBC's Spanish service, and by Spanish radio stations.

One should not make too much or too little of this experiment. Not too much, for it is obvious that a pretty strict watch would have been kept on it, and indeed that the Spanish authorities must have got assurances from the BBC in advance, both about the nature of the proceedings and about those taking part, which they regarded as satisfactory. I know nothing about the views of the four members of the panel – Robert Pring-Mill, lecturer in Spanish and Catalan at New College; E. J. Lees, Latin-American export manager of English Electric; Arthur Montague, British Council representative in Spain; and George Hills, BBC Latin-American programme-organiser – but it is unlikely that any of them holds strongly Radical opinions or that if he did the BBC would have been able to nominate him for this visit.

All the same, we should not underestimate the value of such an excursion. It is hard for those who are, as I say, relatively free to realise how thickly the fog of fear and suspicion permeates every cranny of life in a police state, and anything that sets people thinking and arguing about serious subjects may start to illuminate a way out of the fog. The fact of argument, after all, implies that there can be two sides to a case: it may suggest even the heresy that the basic assumptions on which the power of the tyrant rests can be questioned. Not that anything too dangerous or embarrassing was asked on these occasions (and if it had been, the questioner would have found himself even less free next day): some of the questions were purely non-political (the British posture of moral superiority, English cooking), the more political ones were about such fairly safe topics as Britain's attitude to the Common Market and the powers of the Crown and the House of Lords. But still . . .

I hope that similar teams will be sent to Spain again, and to Portugal; perhaps even – if the notion be not too chimerical – to Northern Ireland. It would be interesting, too, to extend the experiment in the opposite direction: the BBC might consider sending comparable (and comparably acceptable) teams to Eastern Europe.

In saying, in effect, 'He thinks too much – such men are dangerous', Franco is merely harking back to the high politics of ancient Rome, interpreted by Shakespeare with a perception that perennially makes *Julius Caesar* as contemporary as the latest gangster thriller. Last week's BBC TV production (which inaugurated a new *World Theatre* series) has had a mixed press; I didn't personally find it so absorbing as the movie in which Brando played Antony, or, with its inevitable crowd scenes, quite suitable for the small screen, and it was odd to find one of the movie's main errors repeated – the miscasting of Caesar (a soldier, surely, of the eccentric-genius type) as a solid, worthy Camberley commuter. Eric Porter's Brutus was outstanding, the omission of *Et tu . . .* incomprehensible: three hackneyed words of Latin wouldn't in themselves have caused a mass switchover to ITV, just at the height of a gory assassination.

In any case, there are in preparation for this series some notable plays: Lorca's *Blood Wedding* with Katina Paxinou; Wolfit in *Volpone*; Flora Robson in *Mother Courage*, and so on. And it was a relief to switch to even an imperfect *Julius Caesar* from an ITV light comedy, *The Age of Juliet*, in which a supposedly *luxe* dinner was marred by gastronomic solecisms of such enormity that I was driven out and round the corner for a nice slice of veal-and-ham pie and a pint of Worthington E.

A new quiz programme, *This Is Your Chance*, plumbs the depths of fatuity and illiteracy. Last Monday, 'one of the three most beautiful models in the world', offered a choice of three named places (including Mecca) as the main object of Moslem pilgrimage, chose Baghdad. But it is difficult to dislodge *Dotto* from its permanent squatters' right to the nadir: last Sunday a highbrow-looking bearded chap, asked which play by Wilde Lady Bracknell played an important part in, replied '*Wuthering Heights*'.

TOM DRIBERG

ANNE BRONTË

a biography by

WINIFRED GÉRIN

" Dear, gentle Anne," as George Moore and many other people have felt, has never been fully appreciated or understood. This is a full-length, serious study of the youngest of the Brontë sisters, based on years of research among original documents, contemporary records and personal papers. Miss Gérin's interest in the Brontës dates from her student days at Cambridge, and led her to make her home in Haworth, their native village. Charlotte's watercolour of Anne is reproduced in full colour for the first time as a frontispiece, and there are 32 further pages of illustrations.

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NELSON

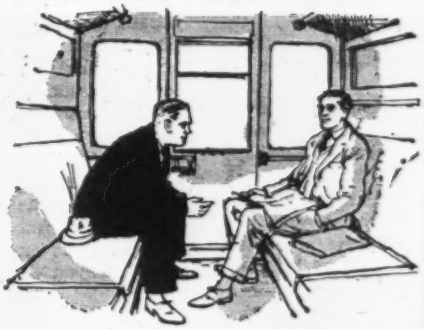
Bergman and Antonioni

I DID not get to see *Urfaust* – when plays are mentioned, this is the usual film critic's gambit – but I did meet Ingmar Bergman. It did not amaze me to find him quite unlike the caricature of breakdown we had been led to imagine. But his does remain a 'private face'; he is a parson's son, religion sets him against both old-fashioned authority and up-to-date humanism, and theatre and cinema are for him bound together in one individual effort. He directs a play, makes a film; the same actors may accompany him from one to the other, and he will find the same camera-man, the same set designer, electricians and workmen. Each film may cost £44,000, and in a country of less than eight million people it must pay its way. These are the conditions from which a *Seventh Seal*, a *Wild Strawberries* may emerge. They are, as the world goes, pure film-making; any corruption comes from the artist and not from his means of livelihood. One doesn't need to talk to Bergman to be convinced that, in countries still individualist, this is the only way of producing good films. Renoir, Cocteau, Satyajit Ray, Bresson, have demonstrated the same thing – and even in his strange uprooted way, Chaplin. In England only Jennings succeeded in following the individual path: a season of his films, linked with Clair, is to be found at the Everyman, though missing – I am sorry to see – *Fires Were Started* and *Diary for Timothy*, his best films. Films of experience, of poetry, of conviction will, I am sure, continue to come from Bergman – despite the 40 per cent. entertainment tax that cripples all Swedish film production; already one hears stirring opinions of his new film *The Face*, here in the autumn.

Meanwhile, *Wild Strawberries* is enjoying a second run, much advertised, at the Continentale: what the advertisements don't mention is the second piece in the programme, a good film of a very different kind. This is *Le Amiche* (*The Girl Friends*), the first film by Michelangelo Antonioni to be publicly shown here. He has a cool, sensitive capability. The present film delicately and up to a point ruthlessly explores a group of young women in Turin, their friendships, jobs, jealousies, love affairs. The director controls, on a small screen, the fluidity of his many characters with a skill that is remarkable, if at moments self-consciously so. Events start with attempted suicide and end with its realisation – but that seems no reason why this film should have been slipped in without a press show. It is far from hopeless; indeed, with its glancing relationships and vital backgrounds, it comes down on the side of life. I hope that we may see more films by Antonioni, and that next time he will be shown the civility due to unpopular talent.

I'm afraid the British *Sapphire* (Leicester Square) has weighed its box-office appeal so carefully that the words 'decent', 'sincere', 'a difficult subject honestly treated' will come tumbling out. But in fact this film doesn't help us to make up our minds about anything, especially about race prejudice which is dragged into an orthodox whodunit. Notting Hill, we may feel, deserves serious handling or none. As it is, Colour provides the red herring to keep us from spotting the murderer too soon; and this is a pity, because otherwise this thriller is well above average.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT



It's not your vote we ask for, it's your *voice*

THE politicians who say they intend to re-nationalise the iron and steel industry have, strangely enough, no real criticisms to make of the steel industry as now conducted and controlled.

They admit its increased and increasing efficiency, acknowledge its gigantic contribution to Britain's exports and are not displeased with its excellent record in industrial relations.

Nevertheless, they contend that it must be state owned so that it can be state planned. This is not true. The steel industry is already answerable to whatever Government is in power through the Iron and Steel Board. In addition it retains the initiative which is rightly associated with private enterprise.

If you agree that the act of re-nationalising steel would be the biggest spanner in the works that has been seen for many a long day, please say so whenever you get the chance. It's not your vote we ask for, it's your *voice*.

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Spanish Routine

THE body of a Spanish dancer expresses an elongated, tense movement that gives an impression of central stillness, in violent contrast to the snapping, clicking hands and feet. The discrepancy between the trunk and its extremities seems to accentuate the emotional quality, making this national dancing the most passionate of all the different styles that have been evolved by man. No Eastern veil dance, no African wobble, no can-can can be as dramatically sensual as the strict, strutting, stuttering, arched bodies of Flamenco dancers: the girls with massive flounced tails, the men stiff and severe, like Puritans, advancing, circling, retiring with an excessive formality that is matched only by their excessive excitement.

But while there is a dearth of first-class female dancers we cannot expect to be properly satisfied, and this is the most serious failing of the two companies that opened in London this week. At the Princes, Pilar Lopez and her Spanish Ballet company have nothing sensational to offer, though the principal men are excellent. But men dressed in elongated bloomers topped by swaddling bands, or droopily divided tennis skirts, barely avoid derisive giggles, however well they perform. The almost inevitable café scene, which is easy enough to make atmospherically effective, is ruined by a small platform on which the guitar players and dancers sit in congested unease, while soloists cramp their gestures to fit the tiny central space. The best number is a shakey-footy dance, in which a severe peasant couple blend dignity and humour with an Edward Lear charm. But the general level of music and choreography is, at its most positive, commonplace.

Susana and José, at Sadler's Wells, have more variety to their programme, in spite of the absence of any supporting cast. The Flamenco singer, Manuel Mairena, effects his glorious, catlike wailing with extrovert enjoyment, while the experimental ballet, *The Ballad of Carmen and Don José*, is interesting and nearly successful. The story is told in seven verses, sung to the accompaniment of a guitar, piano and percussion; after each verse the dancers recapitulate. This form is satisfactory; the music, by Antonio Robeledo, is properly romantic and atmospheric; but again the choreography is weak, its continuity broken by the hero and heroine going off to change their clothes during each new verse. Susana and José are not as gay as I remember them last year, but they still have individuality and integrity.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Half a Tragedy

IN his last play, *The Bacchae*, revived at the Oxford Playhouse in a translation and production by Mr Minos Volanakis, Euripides took as his protagonist a Life Force and as his tragic victim a puritan attempting to deny its power. Both in terms of vain man resisting implacable god and of the sort of psychological parable about the dangers of repression which we tend to see in the play nowadays, this central act of hubris is logically concluded in the catastrophe that follows. One may be repelled by the savagery of Pentheus's fate – he is torn apart by maenads, and the last scene, surely the most gruesome and pitiful in all drama, brings on his mother exulting over his head which she mistakes in frenzy for that of a lion she has killed – but a Life Force is a Life Force, not to be tampered with. This particular one, the Dionysiac principle in nature, or, if you like, the instinctive subconscious in man, is constantly described by the poet as a source of power and joy if only it is accepted in the right spirit.

The production at Oxford only tells half this story, the human half. Mr Sean Connery gives the heart-sick Pentheus exactly the right exasperated bullying impatience until the moment when his unconscious desires betray him; and Miss Yvonne Mitchell plays the terrible closing scene with a tight-lipped, regally defiant air as chilling in its initial, crazed triumph as it is noble in recovery and the acceptance of ruin. But between them they turn the play into as shocking, and ultimately as meaningless, a recital of divine vindictiveness as, to many of us, seems the Book of Job. They are abetted by a Dionysos from Mr Michael David, who is neither detached nor ambiguous, but actively malignant. It is doubtless a difficult impression to avoid, and Mr Volanakis's production doesn't look as if it's trying very hard to do so. Nothing of the exoticism of an Asiatic nature-cult can come through when both chorus and Dionysos are dressed in drab white (there was even an inappropriately Christian look about one moment of it) and it was symptomatic that there was no apotheosis. But without his own glory and the colour and wild beauty of his worship clearly paraded, the god has nothing to recommend him and the tragedy is made smaller and meaner.

DAVID MORGAN

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Correspondence

THE WORLD OF KING SLICKEY

SIR,—Your leading article on the government's Persian policy may or may not be accurate and useful. But I was interested by one sentence in it – 'the Queen, as a good civil servant' – which seems to me to sum up the failure of the Labour Party to attract the imagination or even the attention of the electorate. Of course, the Queen is not quite as much of a civil servant as you would like her to be, but your words give the appalling suspicion that you think you are paying her a compliment. For, after all, a world full of civil servants is the basis of Socialism, and it is natural that you should visualise the Queen diminished into the drab head of a middle-class community.

Unfortunately for your dead level of bourgeois prosperity, the Queen still has that quality which is anathema to the civil service view of life, glamour. There is not much left of it in the modern world, but what there is is much prized by those who voted against Labour in the borough elections. People will wait five hours in the street to see that young Queen in her glittering diamonds emerge from Covent Garden. What a waste of time, you will say – time that could be more usefully employed in filling up forms for civil servants to file. But you are making a dull world. There is a Puritan strain in the English people that will follow you some way along this flat road of merit without glamour. But the electorate at large will show you soon enough that they do not want to lose the pomp and circumstance in exchange for a bowler hat and a brief-case.

ESHER

32 Upper Brook Street, W1

SIR,—One eventually resigns oneself, again and again, to the collapses of Brave New Worlds, one is able to take or reject the monotonous daily grind of glutinous vulgarity but – when it is rammed down our throats from press, radio, television and cinema newsreels with such nauseating and painstaking insidiousness – what a contrast to read 'The World of

King Slickey' so bravely thrust at us from your editorial page.

I am not an angry young man, a modern rebel without a cause. I am a left-over of an army of three million unemployed and can still see no furtherance of the nation's interest in the pursuance of such hypocritical 'ostentatious' vulgarity.

R. L. WILD

34 Overton Road, SW9

SIR,—The 'World of King Slickey' is, in fact, the so-called 'free world'. We are committed to preserve the social and colonial *status quo* in it—including the shaky throne of King Slickey himself—through Nato, Seato and the Bagdad Pact, on the plea of defending it against Communism. To these 'defence' obligations must be added Mr Macmillan's claim (made in the House on 17 July 1958 to justify the despatch of British troops to Jordan to prop up the local King Slickey against his fed-up subjects), that the government has the right to send forces to succour any ruler so unpopular that he cannot rely on the loyalty even of his own army. This is always done in the guise of defending him against 'indirect aggression', or, as the 1956 Defence White Paper has it, 'subversion, whether overtly Communist or masquerading as nationalism'.

On 27 February 1957 Mr Duncan Sandys, in reply to Mr Sidney Silverman and myself, admitted that under the Bagdad Pact, as interpreted in the Bagdad Pact communiqué of 22 November 1955, we might be called upon to send British forces to help any ruler in the countries concerned to put down a rising in his territory which he chose to describe as 'Communist subversion'.

In the US Congressional Record of 18 February 1955, Representative Thomas B. Curtis summed up as follows what he had learned about 'the free world' from the Reference Service of the library of Congress: 'There are 71 countries outside the Iron Curtain which we erroneously refer to as "the free world". Of these 71 nations, 49 are dictatorships or close oligarchies. . . . Most of the remaining 22 have some claim to the adjective "free" as regards their political governments, but the economic government of several of them is oligarchic and a small percentage of the nation is living off the backs of the other 99 per cent.'

Since then Pakistan and Siam have become military dictatorships, and the 'free world' has recruited the royal dictator King Hussein; the US is trying to make her allies accept the slave-owner and -trader and feudal dictator King Ibn Saud and the Fascist General Franco as additional champions of the 'free world'.

Such are the causes and policies for which our Tory rulers have made this country an expendable US base, reject any possible settlement with the USSR and China, condemn our people to ruin themselves in the nuclear weapons race, and expect us to incur the constant risk and resign ourselves to the ultimate certainty of atomic death.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

THE DEADLY MIST

SIR,—It is remarkable how casually the most vital scientific discoveries are announced. If Dame Janet Vaughan's statement and Dr Margerison's letter based on it, mean anything, it can only be that a threshold has been proved to exist for the production of leukæmia by strontium 90. But the only reference to this discovery we are given is a television interview! More probably the letter is as meaningless as so many other attempts to persuade us that the strontium 90 fall-out is harmless. Certainly the statement attributed to Dame Janet Vaughan only means as it stands that strontium 90 induces leukæmia in some mice. Unless we know how many animals and of what kind have been treated experimentally, and over what period the experiment has extended, what doses were given (what is a 'very large dose'?) and what the relative susceptibility is of man compared with these animals, it is impossible to make any assessment of the results. We are left with the choice between the statement of one biologist that it is as certain that the amount of strontium 90 from fall-out is harmless as it is that the earth is round, and the statement of a chemist, based on the work of other biologists, that 100,000 children may die of leukæmia as a result of fall-out.

Certainly the rest of Dr Margerison's letter gives us very little help in deciding between them, for every one of the points he makes as though they were new evidence were considered in 1957 by the Radiation Hazards Committee of the Atomic Scientists Association when they made their famous calculation of the possible deaths due to bone cancer induced by strontium 90 fall-out (*New Scientist*, 25 April 1957). Taking them in order:—

(a) The so-called 'safe level'. This may be an administrative convenience for industrial purposes, but unless a threshold can be shown to exist, it only means that one fixes the number of deaths that can be tolerated. In the case of a factory of 1,000 people this might be one in 25 generations. In the case of the population of the world it would be more like Pauling's 100,000 in one generation. I suspect this contains the real reconciliation of the 'widely divergent opinions' which puzzled Dr Margerison. Pauling is considering the world, Dame Janet Vaughan, with the invincible individualism which afflicts so many scientists, is considering the risks to her own small circle.

Until recently at least the evidence was accumulating on the side of proportionality of deaths to dose, i.e. no threshold. In the *New Scientist* of 16 May 1957, John Lear quotes authoritative support for the conclusions of a research report by Dr E. B. Lewis—'The meaning . . . is that any amount of radiation takes its toll of the population and any increase takes a greater toll.' Lewis calculated that the so-called 'safe maximum dose' would result in somewhere between 150 and 3,000 more people dying in the US alone from leukæmia every year than were dying in 1957. Unless his conclusions have been refuted, doubling the 'safe dose' is doubling the number we are prepared to see die before we do anything about it. In any case, as long as we cannot prove the existence of a threshold, any 'safe level' is arbitrary, and so must be any change in it.

(b) Dr Margerison is wrong in saying that strontium 90 was assumed to be at least as dangerous as radium. Already in 1955 the International Commission on Radiation Protection had assumed that it was only one-tenth as dangerous as radium and this value was used in the 1957 calculations referred to above.

(c) The difference between strontium and calcium in bone metabolism has been known for some time. At the time of the 1957 calculations the biological half-life of strontium 90 was quoted as about 7.5 years. If subsequent work has shown that this figure is in error it would be useful to have the later determination, but this is not likely to affect the calculation very much. Similarly, the proportion of strontium actually absorbed was quoted at the same time as between 5 and 60 per cent. of that ingested, depending on diet. Again more accurate figures may be available, but I should be surprised if they were much outside this range and general assertions are meaningless without them.

(d) The difference between the radiations emitted by radium and strontium 90 has been known ever since strontium 90 was discovered. It was taken into account in the 1955 recommendations of the International Commission. But I am puzzled by Dr Margerison's reference to a 'large region' over which the strontium 90 β-rays would be diluted. The β-ray emission is of two kinds with maximum energies of 2.35 and 0.61 MeV and an average range of a few mms. and less than 1 mm. respectively in bone. A large part of the energy is lost at the end of the track giving a high concentration there.

Since the range in bone of an α-particle from radium is less than 0.1 mm., it is at least possible that more β-particles from strontium 90 would get into the bone marrow than α-particles from an equal concentration of radium. Strontium may well be relatively more efficient in producing leukæmia, radium in producing bone cancer. Again, perhaps there are new experimental results bearing on this, but if so, let us have them, not general statements about 'large regions, considerably larger than the bone itself' in

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which the energy is alleged to be diluted when the range of the β-radiation is only a few mms. This may affect mice but certainly not men.

Finally, Dr Margerison's last paragraph is completely the wrong way round. The possibility of many additional deaths being caused by fall-out, on top of those due to natural radiation over which we have no control, is one of the strongest arguments against the continuance of tests. Until the existence of a threshold has been demonstrated as convincingly as the roundness of the earth, we should reject any 'safe level' as meaningless when applied to large populations and insist that, unless and until it can be proved wrong, the possibility must be faced that every addition to the fall-out is adding to the number of avoidable deaths throughout the world from leukæmia and bone cancer, as well as genetical deaths and suffering through future generations.

J. W. JEFFERY

151 Eglinton Hill, SE18

SIR,—Tom Margerison indicts your article 'The Deadly Mist' as being 'irresponsible and dishonest'. But, in an admittedly difficult field, he fails to do better himself. His letter contains a number of inaccuracies. He is doubtless correct in suggesting that the US authorities had some scientific basis when they raised the safe level for strontium 90. Our own authorities have done something similar in their recently published 'safe' standards for foods contaminated after nuclear accidents. At the same time it is quite justifiable to maintain that in the present state of our knowledge on the possible danger of strontium 90 in bone, it would have been safer to leave the standard as it was.

Tom Margerison is wrong in saying that strontium 90 used to be assumed to be at least as dangerous as radium. The older standard used to assume that strontium 90 was one-tenth as dangerous and the new standard assumes that it is one-fiftieth as dangerous. Margerison's paragraph on Alpha and Beta activity certainly gives no additional reason for altering the safety margin because radio-strontium was never thought to be anything but a beta reactor. His disquisition on the fate of strontium in the body is probably irrelevant also because the work on the relative amount of strontium in diet and in bone was first published in 1957.

The least relevant of Margerison's quotations is that from Dame Janet Vaughan's television interview. She did not give an opinion on maximum permissible levels and was herself properly guarded about deductions from animal experiments and their application to man. In defence of Linus Pauling let it be said that the figures he quotes are in line with those used by the UN Scientific Committee. They are based on certain assumptions which are as yet neither proven nor disproven but in our present state of ignorance it is surely permissible to quote them.

There is some evidence in fact that the figure may be too low. In certain areas of high fall-out in England and Wales (e.g., Cumberland or Montgomery) the incidence of leukæmia has increased by over 50 per cent. in the eight years from 1950 to 1957 as compared with the national mean increase of 13 per cent. It would be unjustifiable to assume that this increase is due to fall-out but until we know for certain any alteration of safety standards must cause the gravest concern.

Lastly let me make a plea for humility all round. The more I learn about fall-out and its possible effects and the more I talk to others who have interested themselves similarly, the more clearly do I realise that none of us is a genuine expert. We, all of us, doctors, physicists, chemists and meteorologists, understand our own sector of the subject tolerably well but we are liable to make elementary mistakes when we stray outside our specialist fields. Nobody's contribution to the discussion should be sacrosanct but we should all be assumed to be writing in good faith. Pauling has as much right to a hearing as Dame Janet Vaughan; Margerison and the NEW STATESMAN each contribute only a part of the truth. But while we are all relatively ignorant as to the ultimate biological consequences of radioactive pollution of the environment I think the wise course is to urge our scientific colleagues with executive powers to go slow in the further contamination of our world.

T. ALUN PHILLIPS

Caernarvonshire Combined Sanitary Districts
Caernarvon

DALI NEWS

A serious appraisal and an unbiased guide to the massive reference-library of stunts, anecdotes, confessions, scandals, practical jokes, paintings, and other talents . . . by

FLEUR COWLES

The Case of Salvador Dali

coloured frontispiece, many photographs, many line drawings
Heinemann, 42s.

A NEGRO IN NOTTING HILL

SIR,—The behaviour of the police towards coloured people in London, as reported by Mr Hill, must make many of us wonder to what extent racial discrimination is government policy. It certainly seems to be the policy of the National Assistance Board.

Recently I have met a number of unemployed coloured men who were not receiving assistance at the full statutory rate. One was a middle-aged West Indian who had been ill for months, was shaking all over from weakness and looked more than half starved. After paying £2 10s a week for an unshared furnished room, his assistance grant left him with only £1 17s 6d a week—below subsistence level.

Inquiring on his behalf, and this time refusing to be fobbed off with 'every case is considered on its merits', I was told by an NAB officer that 'the Board does not reckon to meet in full the very high rents that these coloured people pay'. He did not deny, however, that £2 10s is now quite a normal rent for a furnished room in that area, or that the Board does not meet it in full where the applicant is white.

Unable to believe that this is official policy, I inquired at a much higher level—only a fortnight ago. Discrimination against coloured people, as such, was not only admitted but defended.

AUDREY HARVEY

14 The Mount, NW3

SIR,—Do you know what Notting Hill is like since the advent of the West Indians? Have you asked the police of the crime increase—the brothels, marijuana parties, the basement clubs, the obscenities?

Contrary to statements made that Notting Hill 'was always that way', thousands of respectable working-class live there who object to the filthy and squalid district it is rapidly becoming. It is not a colour-bar we exercise, but an objection to being forced to live under such conditions when in a housing scarcity it is impossible for us to emigrate.

R. THOMPSON

Talbot Road
North Kensington.

SIR,—As a white resident I would like to express my gratitude for Herbert Hill's accurate account of the highly dangerous situation in West London. Fear of unemployment and more especially the housing problem, aggravated by the incompetence of the local councils have created a situation which Mosley with his methods of mob violence is well able to exploit. His bland air of confidence at Trafalgar Square last Sunday had more justification than people outside the affected areas would care to believe. In anticipation of the conflict bound to break out if Mosley and his thugs are allowed to rampage around North Kensington, a group has been formed to instruct and warn the public of his activities.

The article raised another vital issue about which publicity is urgently needed. No one who has seen the police force in action over the last two years can fail to be concerned about their methods. A friend of mine left the Paddington police largely because he was constantly urged to make trouble for the 'niggers'. It is no earthly good complaining on an official level, the public conditioning to the infallible majesty of the 'law' is so complete that a dissenting voice can always be disregarded.

C. A. SMYTHE

London, W9

TRUNCATED TROLLOPE

SIR,—I fully share in Mr H. A. Morrice's feeling of shocked surprise that the Oxford University Press should have discontinued the publication of their edition of Trollope before all the volumes promised had appeared. This is not the first time that an eminent firm of publishers have failed to carry out their implied contract with their customers. In 1932 the Shakespeare Head Press commenced the publication of their great edition of the Brontë Sisters. Only nineteen out of twenty of these volumes appeared. The final volume, which was to have consisted of the Bibliography, was never published, and though listed in the Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature, no such volume is in existence. In the early nineteen-hundreds the firm of Methuen announced an edition of Charles Dickens with introductions by George Gissing. Nine volumes of this edition had appeared when the project was dropped. It is difficult to understand the ethics displayed by these publishers in view of the fact that subscribers to these editions have been induced to buy the volumes as published on the understanding that all the promised volumes would appear.

H. J. O. HARRIS

27 Fitzjohn Avenue
Barnet, Herts

BBC RESIGNATION

SIR,—In an article 'Apeneck Auntie' published in your issue of 9 May, Mr Tom Driberg states: 'The BBC could have done various things on receiving the protests; since these included the resignation of Mr J. Ritchie McKee, the BBC's own National Governor for Northern Ireland, some notice presumably had to be taken of them.' I am asked to state that the reference to Mr McKee is wholly untrue.

M. G. FARQHUARSON
Secretary
BBC
Broadcasting House, W1

[Mr Driberg writes: 'I regret this inaccuracy; the information, however, was supplied—no doubt through a misunderstanding of my telephone inquiry—by the publicity department of *BBC-TV*.'—ED. *NS*.]

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Flowers from the Burial-Mound

At a gathering of what were called 'cultural leaders' in Washington a few weeks ago, someone said how impossible it would be nowadays for genius to go undiscovered. This was questioned, and the name of David Jones mentioned. No one present had read his books, and only one knew his paintings. This ignorance is the more odd because, while on one level he is practically unknown, at another he has been consistently recognised, both as painter and writer, as far above any ephemeral name and fame of the last twenty years. For those who know him at all, there is no question: he is superlatively admired by the few.

Yet in order to 'discover' his paintings, you have only, after all, to visit the Tate. His first book, *In Parenthesis* (one of the three or four great books of the First World War), was awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1937. The *Anathemata* (1951) was praised by Auden and Edwin Muir and others as a great poem. Mr Douglas Cleverdon has repeatedly put broadcasts of both these works on the Third Programme. In spite of this, it is still possible for Dame Edith Sitwell to 'discover' him in 1958, and to be reproved by critics for including in an anthology work by a minor writer whom scarcely anybody has heard of.

And yet it is perfectly understandable that this exquisite artist in paint and the word should have been known all along only to the few. *Avant-gardism* is itself a fashion that has long obscured contemporary judgment, that has pursued the 'revolutionary' to the exclusion of all else. Yet now (we may think of Yeats, Joyce, Eliot, Muir) we are perhaps beginning to notice that it is the writers whose link with tradition is strongest who are surviving the flux of time; and those whose first principles are the oldest, rather than the newest, of cosmologies, who seem likely to remain as most representative of their age and place.

David Jones, a pupil of Eric Gill, a Catholic whose contemporary affinities are with Stanley Spencer, Eliot and Joyce, is supremely traditional, and 'representational'. Art is for him in its very essence representation, a *sign*, even to the central sacramental *signum*, 'do this in anamnesis of me'. 'Calvary itself (if less obviously than the Supper) involves *poiesis*. For what was accomplished on the Tree of the Cross presupposes the sign-world and looks back to foreshadowing rites and arts of mediation and conjugation stretching back for tens of thousands of years in actual prehistory.' Hogarth's shrimp-girl is, likewise, a sign, because 'it is a *signum* of that reality and it makes a kind of anamnesis of that reality'. Because the *signum* gathers its meaning from human usage, there can be no art without the past. This new collection of David Jones's occasional writings* reveals a consistency, a subtlety, a creativeness springing from tradition: 'the flowers for the muse's garland would be gathered from the ancestral burial-mound, always and inevitably fecund ground'.

'Representation', as David Jones understands it, is, of course, not to be confused for a moment with the 'representation' of the social realist school of painters and poets, Bratby, Larkin, and even such academic poets as Davie and Holloway. Such art is informed, more or less, by the doctrines of dialectical materialism, and affirms that the material is real. It is closer to the abstract art of the 'action' painters than might at first appear, for they, too, reflect a phase of materialist thought, and paint the landscape of 'indeterminacy'. What is represented, for David Jones (as for all traditional art) is a metaphysical, not a physical order. Appearances 'represent' this order and harmony, and are a revelation, an epiphany and (as David Jones says of Christopher Smart's poetry) an utterance of praise. What we look for in vain, in the work alike of the social realists and the non-representational 'beat' or 'action' school, is any epiphany or revelation in, or through, the temporal, of this eternal order. It is the more amazing to find, in David Jones, a contemporary aware of all that goes to make up 'now-ness', whose work has this quality of transparency. One can see why Mr Jones so greatly admires James Joyce, as most truly Christian in the completeness with which he incarnates his themes: 'because of all artists ever, James Joyce was the most dependent on the particular, on place, site, locality... Never, perhaps, has such absorption with a microcosm been the means of showing forth a macrocosmic reality. He is the most incarnational of artists'.

David Jones's loves are those devious traditions, half hidden by time, that re-emerge to fertilise age after age. First, the Catholic religion, itself rooted, as St Augustine understood, in what went before, older myths and pagan *signa*; next (David Jones is both a Londoner and a Celt) the 'matter of Britain', the Welsh legends, and above all the Arthurian tradition, that cannot yet be said to have lost its potency since it lives with so much radiance in his own writings and paintings. History interwoven with imagination, such things as the traces of the Roman *viæ* on the actual land of England, the survival of Roman cavalry armour in the medieval legends of Arthur's Knights, especially delight an imagination that seeks (as Yeats's did for Ireland) to wed the race to the land, that thus becomes itself a *signum* for the men who inhabit it.

The other side of this delight he finds in the nourishing roots is the dismay – supremely expressed in the introduction to the *Anathemata*, reprinted in this volume – in the obliteration of tradition, especially since what he calls 'the break', some fundamental change in man's attitude towards his inheritance that characterises the age of the machine. In the remarkable essay on *Art and Democracy* David Jones examines that 'self-evident' proposition that men are born equal. He echoes Gill when he writes that '"man" and "artist" can be said to be interchangeable. Man is the only artist and only artists are men'. But what of an equalitarian society that deprives man of the very expression of that faculty by virtue of which men are equal – are, indeed, human – their creativeness? Such questions are not vain: Yeats's 'filthy, modern tide' is not likely to turn for a long time to come. But, like Yeats in his dismay at the way the world is travelling from spirituality to materiality, David Jones, with more pity than anger, sees the common man as the victim, rather than the agent, of this decline. Still less is David Jones's protest against contemporary values at all like the blindly instinctive protests of the generation of 'angry' or 'beat' young men, here or in America; for it is in the name not of anarchy but of an enduring spiritual and natural order, of the normal informing principles of human society, that he criticises an essentially orderless present. Because he himself follows, in his art, that order, he remains inwardly serene.

Though a traditionalist, David Jones is very well aware of the claims of the present upon the artist. He has grave doubts, for instance, about the enduring value of the poetry of Charles Williams because of his failure

> not in some kind of obscurity, nor in the form of the writing as such, nor in the concepts and values in themselves, for those are most permanent and fruitful, but in something wholly to do with time – with 'now-ness'. Somehow, somewhere, between content and form, concept and image, sign and what is signified, a sense of the contemporary escapes.

He admires Ben Nicholson and answers with gentle but firm reproof a reviewer who criticised Victor Pasmore for turning to the 'abstract': 'There is an abstract *quality*, however hidden or devious, which determines the real worth of any work . . . the one common factor implicit in all the arts of man resides in a certain juxtaposing of forms'. The 'abstract' is a proper preoccupation for any artist; it is because he considers other things as more important still, that David Jones has followed another discipline.

Some of the fragments in this volume may appear slight, but none is without the *signum* of the artist. For David Jones every sentence is wrought with artistry; and as compared with the arid conceptual approach of so much academic criticism, his imaginative testing and touching of every theme is nothing less than life-giving. We remember again that works of the spirit are works of the spirit and not only of the brain; authors are fellow men with whom we talk; the themes of art concern our immortal souls.

David Jones does not speak the language of the moo, or of its leaders; he is likely to be the more permanent. Even so, he may well remain always a writer for the few; for he is learned (in both folk- and in book-learning) in an age of ignorance, gentle in feeling in an age moved by crude sensation or physical violence; his writing and his painting are tendril-like in their complex interweaving of meanings and allusions in an age of posters. A 'revolutionary' elimination of the past is the work of a day; whereas anamnesis is lifelong. Yet in our present world has it not become more urgent to preserve than to destroy? What he writes of myth holds good for his own work:

> To conserve, to develop, to bring together, to make significant for the present what the

* *Epoch and Artist*. By David Jones. *Faber*. 25*s*.

V. Sackville-West

her biography of
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winning praise everywhere

The Children

(12/6)

MICHAEL JOSEPH

past holds, without dilution or any deleting, but rather by understanding and transubstantiating the material, this is the function of genuine myth, neither pedantic nor popularising nor indifferent of scholarship nor antiquarian, but saying always: 'of these thou hast given me have I lost none'.

KATHLEEN RAINE

Murder

For weeks we've had them, all the photographs:
Johnny from Johnny's passport – 'The police
Believe this man could help them.' Easy laughs
From quotes by Johnny's fourteen-year-old niece –
The picture shows a fluffy dance-hall chick.
To-day's the day the State wrings Johnny's neck.

Then here's Johnny, raincoat over face;
He's stumbling from a squad car, either side
A small crowd of the ghoulish gives him place.
Here's Johnny's mother – see her trying to hide
Behind her handbag as she hears the click.
To-day's the day the State wrings Johnny's neck.

Here's Johnny's father at the law-court gate –
Grey rubber mask – 'We hope for a reprieve.'
But still the little men with cameras wait –
Visiting-hour is up, and soon she'll leave.
'Get us his wife, in tears outside the nick.'
To-day's the day the State wrings Johnny's neck.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

An Irishman in Coventry

A full year since, I took this eager city,
the tolerance that laced its blatant roar,
its famous steeples and its web of girders,
as image of the state hope argued for,
and scarcely flung a bitter thought behind me
on all that flaws the glory and the grace
which ribbons through the sick, guilt-clotted legend
of my creed-haunted, Godforsaken race.
My rhetoric swung round from steel's high promise
to the precision of the well-gauged tool,
tracing the logic in the vast glass headlands,
the clockwork horse, the comprehensive school.

Then, sudden, by occasion's chance concerted,
in enclave of my nation, but apart,
the jigging dancers and the lilting fiddle
stirred the old rage and pity in my heart.
The faces and the voices blurring round me,
the strong hands long familiar with the spade,
the whiskey-tinctured breath, the pious buttons,
called up a people endlessly betrayed
by our own weakness, by the wrongs we suffered
in that long twilight over bog and glen,
by force, by famine and by glittering fables
which gave us martyrs when we needed men,
by faith which had no charity to offer,
by poisoned memory, and by ready wit,
with poverty corroded into malice,
to hit and run and howl when it is hit.

This is our fate: eight hundred years' disaster,
crazily tangled as the Book of Kells;
the dream's distortion and the land's division,
the midnight raiders and the prison cells.
Yet like Lir's children banished to the waters
our hearts still listen for the landward bells.

JOHN HEWITT

Who Killed Nuri?

Nuri as-Said. By LORD BIRDWOOD. *Cassell.* 30*s.*

As dictators go, Nuri as-Said had a good run for his money. Starting in 1930, he was Prime Minister of Iraq 14 times and, apart from a few brief intervals, the real ruler of the country for 28 years. In our time he has been beaten only by Salazar of Portugal. How he did it remains to some extent a mystery. He was considerably hampered by the British, who discouraged him from employing the full armoury of dictatorial weapons. If his political prisoners died under torture, he was likely to get cold looks from H.M. Ambassador, and a too-obviously rigged election would evoke a reproachful leader in *The Times*. To add to his difficulties, Nuri, unlike most right-wing dictators, believed in heavy investment. He insisted on passing a law under which 70 per cent. of Iraq's oil royalties were inalienably devoted to development, under the ægis of a permanent board exempt from cabinet control. The board's projects, moreover, were overwhelmingly long-term in nature, the only concessions to popular taste being two splendid bridges over the Tigris in Baghdad and a grass roundabout, which had to be fenced in with barbed wire to prevent peasants grazing their sheeep on it.

Part of the secret of Nuri's success emerges from Lord Birdwood's biography, a careful, factual account of his long and violent career. Until the end, Nuri never indulged in the false optimism which has proved disastrous to so many Arab statesmen. He was Victorian in his devotion to hard facts and his dislike of fancies. He was personally incorruptible, courageous, and had excellent nerves. His political enemies were afraid of him not merely because he ran a police-state but because they found it difficult to look straight into his round, bulging eyes. Nuri would have died in his bed had he not suffered from the fatal misfortune of being allied to a government presided over by Sir Anthony Eden.

The first step towards Nuri's murder was taken when Eden first met Nasser in Cairo, Nasser was then an unknown quantity. The Canal Zone dispute was over, Anglo-Egyptian relations were entering a new and happier phase, and there was a strong possibility that Egypt would join the projected regional defence pact. Nasser agreed to meet Eden at the British Embassy – an extraordinary concession of protocol for a Head of State to make to a visiting premier – and he went there with an open mind. But the encounter was decisive: Eden, whose arrogance towards Arab leaders was in strict contrast to his normal attitude in diplomatic negotiations, subjected the new President to a *viva voce* examination on his intentions and policies, as though he were a marginal candidate for the Foreign Office Entrance. A friend who saw Nasser immediately afterwards found him angry and bitter, and concluded that the breach between Egypt and Iraq was now inevitable.

Eden was also responsible for the next step in the tragedy. When the Canal was seized, Nuri was dining with him in London. His reaction, as Lord Birdwood hints, was straightforward: Nasser would have to be brought down, if necessary by force, but at all costs without involving the Israelis or the French. He made this plain to Eden and left London with the understanding that his advice would be taken. Instead, without warning Nuri, Eden concocted his preposterous intervention scheme, which included precisely the two elements against which Nuri had warned him, and lacked even the basic virtue of accomplishing its military objective. Evidently, Eden's contempt

for the opinions of Arabs was extended even to such a loyal retainer as Nuri.

The Suez War made a reconciliation between Nasser and Nuri out of the question. Worse: it seems to have affected Nuri's nerve. Henceforth, he felt he could never quite rely on the British. When the next crisis came, in the Lebanon in spring, 1958, he went to London to plead for armed intervention; in particular, he wanted British air cover from Habbaniya and Cyprus to deter the Israelis when he moved into Jordan and Syria. He got no firm assurances and, despairing of help from Whitehall, he decided to go it alone by sending two armoured brigades to Amman. This order sealed his fate; for by allowing the troops to proceed through Baghdad he gave their disaffected commanders the physical opportunity for which they had waited so long. Indeed, during the last days, Nuri's judgment seems to have gone to pieces. Immediately before the revolution, a member of his own Cabinet, the Counter-Subversion Committee of the Baghdad Pact, and at least one visitor, warned him that the army was no longer reliable. Nuri refused to believe them. He came to his senses only on the morning of 14 July 1958, when he heard the sound of gunfire from the royal palace. If he had then acted decisively, he might at least have saved his life, as on previous occasions, and returned to fight another day. But his movements during the next 24 hours were vague and irresolute – as though he had himself realised he was getting too old for this sort of thing. It is not known who killed him; but the real murderers were among the distinguished crowd of diplomats, politicians and business men, who celebrated his obsequies, in the safety of London's Savoy Chapel, a few days later.

Lord Birdwood has written a valuable history of Nuri's rise to power. But it is a pity that his uncritical admiration for his subject, and no doubt also his unwillingness to embarrass the British Government any more than was necessary, should have prevented him from telling the full story of his decline and fall.

PAUL JOHNSON

Maker and Breaker

The Masterpiece and the Man: Yeats as I Knew Him. By MONK GIBBON. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

There is living in Dublin one of the dozen or so best poets now writing in English, with forty years' sustained achievement behind him; who is known to the British public, if at all, only as a middlebrow reviewer of reactionary tastes. This is Austin Clarke. And for the gulf between Clarke's merit and his reputation there are all sorts of reasons, but one reason is Yeats's attitude to him when Yeats could make or break any Irish reputation. Clarke is the most deserving of many writers (Gibbon himself being one) whom Monk Gibbon presents as thus victimised by this Irish Panjandrum. In fact, here we have it at last – not the truth about Yeats, but the Dublin truth about him. One has heard this so often, in Rathmines drawing-rooms and saloon-bars off Stephen's Green, that it seemed it would never come into the open, in print. Here it is, and one is glad of it.

Yet coming from a city where malice is a fine art, Monk Gibbon is a strikingly artless writer. From one point of view he makes all the mistakes: there is more of him in the book than there is of Yeats; he quotes his own poems, to show how Yeats was wrong about them; he puts Yeats right about sex, and friendship, and poetic diction, and Hopkins; and he thinks that to record of a poet how 'a single poem of his brought him in £50 in anthology fees in a single year', goes to show that Yeats was wrong to leave him out of yet another anthology. This means that when Gibbon is roughly handled, as he surely will be, his opponents won't be at a loss. They will need only to quote him. And yet they will be wrong. For it is high time, as the tide of idolatry swells steadily in the Old World and the New, to be reminded that as a companion Yeats could be maddeningly silly; that as the focus of a literary scene he must have been insupportable.

And yet, as so often, in the outcome one feels more sympathy with Yeats, not less. It never occurs to Gibbon how much of what he reports to Yeats's discredit (pre-eminently about his relations with George Russell, who is Gibbon's hero) falls into line if Yeats, alone in Dublin, stood for the standard of literary *value*, letting nothing – not social obligation, nor personal affection, nor old association – deflect him from applying literary criteria to literary artifacts. Those criteria were notoriously idiosyncratic, and the judgments in consequence could be plain wrong, as when he preferred Fred Higgins to Clarke; but he held those standards consistently and applied them severely. Triton among minnows, biggest of fish in that smallest of provincial ponds, Yeats emerges as a figure of pathos. In the end it is only the guilelessness of Monk Gibbon, his vulnerable frankness, which leaves an image so far from what he intended. And one is grateful for that.

DONALD DAVIE

Diagnosis: Dollars

The Case of Salvador Dali. By FLEUR COWLES. *Heinemann.* 42*s.*

It is rather sad that Dali should have become just a repetitive old camp-follower of the gilded rag trade. People are apt to forget how much talent he showed. His career is a complicated story of promise-betrayal. At the foot of his final report Dr Dada will write: 'Salvador has let us all down one after the other, his psychiatrist teachers and surrealist schoolfellows, his dream-instructor and his drawing-master'. There is not the slightest consolation in thinking of him as the picaresque clown, the successful coney-catcher who trims the international smarties, because he has so manifestly adopted all their values as his own; wherever he puts his tongue you can be sure it is not in his own cheek.

The early phase of the case-history was thought to have promising therapeutic features. I remember hearing a psychiatrist holding forth on Dali's exhibition in London in 1935. This, he said, was an altogether exceptional case, a unique example of working through. Here you had a person who combined marked paranoid-schizophrenic symptoms plus sustained manic frenzy – the lot, in fact – getting them all out of his system in his painting. If such fantasies had not been expressed there would have been a terrible explosion. Freud himself was distinctly impressed. After Stefan Zweig took Dali to see him in London shortly before his death he wrote: 'Until now I was inclined to regard the Surrealists, who seem to have adopted me as their patron saint, as complete fools (let us say 95 per cent as with alcohol). That young Spaniard with his candid eyes and his undeniable technical mastery has changed my estimate'.

Stimulating Reading

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DEANA LEVIN

'A fascinating book.'—*Sunday Express.* 'A useful reminder of the formidable progress in Soviet Education over the last forty years. Taut, comprehensive and straightforward.'—*New Statesman.* (*Staples Press*) 15s.

MACGIBBON & KEE

It may be that Dali's self-cure worked as psychoanalysis is supposed to have worked in a few cases of artists whose talent vanished along with their symptoms. Certainly that meretricious commercial ingenuity, which some say is a peculiarly Catalan trait, was less noticeable in his early work. His painting was always overestimated and never original, but so long as he remained the conscientious illustrator of dreams and fantasies there was a good deal to be said for him. If you compare his pre-war productions with the later fashion atrocities and the new religious canvases, the decline is shattering.

Just when it set in, and to what extent it was always bound up with his exhibitionist exploitation of unconscious symbolism as decorator's props, is not a question for Mrs Cowles to answer. It is poetic justice that Dali, the dollar machine, should have acquired this jaunty American fashion-dame as his official biographer. She writes dizzily as if every paragraph was the start of a new magazine article, and includes a generous allowance of bewitching inaccuracies. The main landmarks are covered: the dream-like seascapes at Cadaques, the wooing of Gala, the famous Surrealist's moll, their first commercial invasion of the USA, with some quotations from the autobiography and a catalogue of eccentricities.

'He has never let his public down, of this I am certain,' declares Mrs Cowles proudly. At the same time, in between the lines loaded with superlatives, is a threadworm of uncertainty, as if she were not sure how long Dali were going to stay fashionable and she had better alibi herself.

A good deal of the book is taken up with quotations from press notices. These include not only floral tributes from American magazines but also the abuse with which the Catalan prestidigitator has been liberally spattered. There is Osbert Lancaster's complaint that he painted nude goddesses and meaty still-lives with all the fiddling realism of a Victorian ARA, the only difference being that where the ARA used two canvases Dali used one. And Orwell, you may remember, took a very violent line: 'One ought to be able to hold in one's head simultaneously the facts that Dali is a good draughtsman and a disgusting human being'. This I am inclined to doubt. True, the autobiography suggests that he is not quite as wholesome as a cottage loaf; yet I have a feeling that behind that elaborate front you might find at any rate traces of a quite simple human fellow. Unfortunately Mrs Cowles is unable to tell us what he is really like. The apocalyptic social implications of his popularity with the smart set are, of course, terrifying. Now that he has taken to painting *trompe l'œil* Crucifixions it is time to take to the woods.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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The Lion-Stench

The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel. By NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS. Translated into English Verse by KIMON FRIAR. *Secker & Warburg.* 63*s.*

So this enormous epic has arrived in English and is found to be Bergson and Nietzsche flashed up into explosions of poetry. It was written from 1925 to 1938 by a philosopher-novelist; a lawyer, a scholar, intensely shy but a man of power who became from time to time Minister of Education or Director of Public Welfare. By temperament an ascetic, he spent two years in spiritual exercise on Mount Athos, but emerged to write this huge testament of sensuality and violent action. I call it this because although for a third of the book Odysseus is named 'the great ascetic', the praise goes to sex, begetting children, travel and war. The fruits of the spirit are to accept life as it is. All opposites are to be lived through with joy—cruelty and compassion, building and destruction, God and not-God. 'By God is meant to hunt God through the empty air.' He is *élan vital* creating all things and being created by them. For the individual man 'No master-god exists, no virtue, no just law, no punishment in Hades and no reward in Heaven'—nothing but a vision of the One, to know that 'even this One is empty air' and to meet death open-eyed, rejoicing in annihilation.

The story is grafted into the twenty-second book of Homer's *Odyssey*. Odysseus is bored by Ithaca and Penelope; so, after summoning his charming bastards to work in Ithaca, he leaves his kingdom to the smug Telemachus and chooses a crew, Kentaur, Rocky, Granite, Orpheus, Hardihood and Captain Clam, for 22 books of new adventures. Chiefly he takes Helen as a lure to bring down the decadent civilisation of Crete, and founds an old-fashioned city in Africa (for Kazantzakis follows *The Republic* and Moscow in 1923 in expecting children to grow up without their parents) which is immediately destroyed by an earthquake. Odysseus then becomes the great ascetic, meets the Buddha with contempt, Christ with affection, and the epic-whore Margaro with approval, experiences all life in visions and dies full of joy at the South Pole.

Formally the poem is written in 17-syllable verse which most Greeks think too long, and in a mixture of dialects which seems more literary than the 'written' Greek it was designed to avoid. The translation is line for line in contemporary but not demotic American. From my limited knowledge of modern Greek I should guess that the advantage of a real language compensates for some loss in the beauty of sound, so that the English version may be about as powerful as the Greek original. Mr Friar finds twelve syllables enough, but even so one sometimes feels the lightness of a dud word in the line. I think it probable that Kazantzakis, like Whitman, wrote easily in a state of poetic excitement. This would account for the enormous length of the poem. We are told that he suffered 'as though cutting through living flesh' in order to reduce it to that famous multiple of three (the number of thesis, antithesis and synthesis, also, he was delighted to be told, of the male genitalia) 33,333 lines.

There are no images which couldn't be found in the first millennium B.C. and no hint at industrial civilisation; no specific descriptions of landscape, art, architecture, craftsmanship or even of sailing. There is good poetry about these things but generalised, as a traveller might see them and be touched by their romance without understanding the detail; politics are simplified to aristocracy that is humane to slaves, and to tyranny that causes slaves to revolt. Deliberately, I feel, the reader's mind is forced upon the allegory. Kazantzakis answered critics who complained that the poem does not represent twentieth-century life by saying that it stands for the most important elements of it. 'Our age,' he wrote,

> is a savage one; the Bull, the underground Dionysian powers, has been unleashed. . . . Gentle spirits watch contemporary life exploding before them with a world-destroying demonic power, and yet they do not see it. If they had, they would have sought for its mirror-image in contemporary art.

Yes, the poem is sometimes a bore. But it is always a prodigy and often enough prodigiously exciting. The quality is in the passionate rhetoric of a man who believed he knew important truth and longed to share it. No, I don't think the poem is tremendously great. While it drove me along like a ship in the Roarin' Forties, I felt it was an epic Yeats could have written. So I re-read most of Yeats and returned to sanity. The great poet finds truth 'embodied in the mystery of words'. Kazantzakis was a fiery, poetic mind in search of words to express his notions. I think he found them too easily, as one might find all beauty in a painted roundabout. The result is a rhetoric with power to catch and hold, even to dominate, but not to call the mind back once it has escaped. Would you personally enjoy it? Yes, if you enjoy enormous praise of physical life, 'the lion-stench' of friends, 'the noisy village-gate of a child-swarming town . . . fragrant with scent of women's arm-pits and ripe fruit'; if you'd like a holiday such as Erna Low can't quite offer, where girls want to be 'cooling water to drink and cast away'; if you'd enjoy the companionship of Kazantzakis-Odysseus who can in the end declare:

> My brains have filled with knowledge, my wide hands with deeds,
> And to this day my heart's remained bold, joyous, warm,
> And loves all things both life and death, but with no trust.
> The festival has ended now, the feast is over.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Aristotle's *Politics* and *The Athenian Constitution* have been newly translated by John Warrington for the Everyman Library, in one volume (10s. 6d.). Two other new Everymans: a new anthology edited by Roger Lancelyn Green, *A Century of Humorous Verse* 1850-1950 (8s. 6d.) and a new edition of *Poems of Our Time*, which was originally edited by Richard Church and Mildred Bozman, and now appears with a Modern Supplement (starting with a Pisan Canto) chosen by Dame Edith Sitwell, who supplies a foreword (7s.).

Defence of Wavell

The Campaigns of Wavell, 1939-1943. By ROBERT WOOLLCOMBE. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

He is always 'Wavell'. Never General Wavell, Lord Wavell, or Archie Wavell. The plain surname puts him in the same category as generals of the First War, men remembered across a considerable gulf of years, stern men who won and lost desperate battles and whose personalities aroused more respect than affection. He was a writer, an anthologist, on paper one of the most thoughtful and articulate of commanders, though one of the least articulate in speech. His famous silences silenced his companions. He showed no exultation in victory, no dejection in defeat. 'Arthurian' is the epithet applied to him by Robert Woollcombe. It does not seem to fit. Wavell will not live in history as a figure in a romantic cycle, although his campaigns were conducted in the deserts, jungles and spice-lands, and when he touched Europe it was at the cradle of its civilisation: he defended Thermopylae. His battles were military operations. He had a great sense of duty, but none of glory. It was this deficiency which eventually made him unacceptable to Churchill, and today makes his phenomenal achievement appear ordinary and even dull.

No full biography of Wavell has yet been written. When it is, it will be an enormous volume. For even without access to unpublished documents, without any assessment of Wavell's literary work and with a bare mention of his private life, his pre-war career and his three years as Viceroy, Mr Woollcombe has only space in his full-length book to summarise the campaigns. There were fourteen of them between September 1939 and June 1943. It is worth recalling what they were: Cyrenaica, British Somaliland, Eritrea, Italian Somaliland, Abyssinia, Greece, Crete, Iraq, Syria, Iran, Malaya, Dutch East Indies, Burma, Arakan. He was Commander-in-Chief in two successive theatres of war, each of which outspanned the whole width of Europe. He engaged the Italians, the Germans and the Japanese. At one moment he was fighting on five separate fronts. He manœuvred armies, fleets and airforces on a geographical scale which was later matched only by Admiral Nimitz in the Pacific. He personally directed many of the most important battles. He was required, much against his inclination, to involve himself deeply in the politics of the Middle and Far East. Did he at any point fail to make the best use of the limited opportunities he had?

Mr Woollcombe answers No. Given the information available to him at the time, Wavell made no mistakes of importance. Lord Alanbrooke in his foreword confirms this judgment, expressing his admiration for 'the immense services which Wavell rendered to his country under conditions of appalling difficulty'. Wavell's tragedy was that his brilliant successes, in Abyssinia and the Western Desert, came before his disasters, of which one, Singapore, was our most humiliating defeat of the whole war. 'I have failed you here', he wrote to Churchill on abandoning Indonesia to the Japanese, 'when a better man might perhaps have succeeded'. In retrospect Churchill commented on this telegram, 'military commanders should not be judged by results, but by the quality of their effort'. But at the time Wavell undoubtedly suffered in reputation from his association with defeat, whether among the islands of South-East Asia or at the hands of Rommel in the desert (yet it was Rommel who said of his British opponents in North Africa, 'the only one

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who showed a touch of genius was Wavell'). The general who loses the first battles, however nobly and against whatever odds, fades in public memory and gratitude compared to those who win the last.

During the latter period of Wavell's command we scarcely won a battle; when he had gone, we scarcely lost one. History must step in and deny the silly deduction that therefore Wavell must have been a bad general. Mr Woollcombe, by his open partisanship, has taken the first step. His book is important because it is overdue, because it recalls what Wavell did in terms which Wavell would have approved, and because we are wrong to draw a veil over the most distressing period of the war and the difficult, reserved character of one of its greatest captains.

NIGEL NICOLSON

In and Out the Brain

The Mind Readers. By S. G. SOAL and H. T. BOWDEN. *Faber.* 30*s.*

The Sixth Sense, an Inquiry into Extra-sensory Perception. By ROSALIND HEYWOOD. *Chatto.* 21*s.*

The Nature of Experience. By SIR RUSSELL BRAIN. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Mind Readers is a laboratory report on 15,000 ESP card tests with two Welsh schoolboys. As such tests are bound to be monotonous for the guinea-pigs, graded cash rewards were offered as an incentive, and it is not surprising that this led at one stage to a brief attempt at cheating. The 'code' was immediately detected, however, and as the many independent observers comment, this episode only tends to reinforce the credibility of the rest of the trials. The boys were only successful working with each other, at telepathy, not clairvoyance, and no pre-cognition, decline or displacement effects were noted. The distance between them was gradually increased from a few feet to a hundred and fifty; there was no drop in performance – and even if there had been, Soal justly remarks that it would not necessarily have proved anything about *Psi*. As yet our 'wild talents' are all too vulnerable to many forms of psychological inhibition.

The results of the whole series are certainly astounding, the odds against them being astronomical – but a reference in the book to Spencer Brown reminds us that not all mathematicians will agree they have the statistical significance given them by ESP researchers. He believes all such results are only another example of our failure to 'randomise'.

Spencer Brown also makes a brief appearance in *The Sixth Sense*, which is an absorbing account of all types of *Psi* phenomena, and scientific interest in them, since the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research in 1882. Here we read of the achievements of famous mediums such as Mrs Willett and Mrs Leonard, of the Polish clairvoyant Ossowiecky, and remarkable amateur telepaths such as Gilbert Murray and the Upton Sinclairs; also the story of the 'cross-correspondences', thirty years of communications to a dozen automatists (including Verrall's wife and daughter) in which the dead SPR founders Myers, Sidgwick and Gurney are claimed to have tried to prove their discarnate existence and identities by means of a vast jig-saw puzzle of classical allusions.

Then came Rhine's quantitative experiments at Duke University. Except for Tyrrell, all other British workers failed to reproduce his amazing successes and it was not until the lone, devoted researcher Whately Carington suggested that pre-cognition and displacement might occur that Soal was led to re-examine results he had formerly considered failures. So he discovered Shackleton and Mrs Stewart. Their results, too, soon declined to chance level, perhaps due to boredom, and this is one of the factors that Spencer Brown turns against them. But he may possibly be surprised at the length of time, two years, for which the Welsh schoolboys maintained their success.

The book closes with some very intriguing theories. To fit *Psi* phenomena which they accept as proved, biologists, philosophers and psychologists all propose various forms of the group or continental mind theory. Most seem agreed with Bergson that the brain is an 'organ of limitation' and ESP an aboriginal faculty which evolution has submerged for our own practical good. Thouless, however, makes the apparently new suggestion that it is only the normal link between our physical sense apparatus and our 'soul' or 'shin' or whatever it may be, and that it is only unusual when it is linked not with our own apparatus but with others.

This, and a remark of Walter de la Mare that he believed 'telepathy is almost continuous', leads us to the three Riddell lectures of the distinguished neurologist Sir Russell Brain. He, too, is concerned with wonders of mind and matter, but from the standpoint of the philosopher. For him 'the perceptual world . . . is a construct of the percipient's brain', a re-statement of subjectivism which he fortifies with clinical experience of hallucination, mescalin and epilepsy. He doesn't go so far as to deny the existence of external events altogether, in fact he asserts 'they continue to exist when no one is aware of them', which is just what the thorough-going subjectivist would question, but he does postulate a space-time within the brain different from that outside it. In his second lecture he deals with modern criticisms of this theory, and in his third he extends it to apply to the images both of art and religion. These, he maintains, are means of apprehension just as valid as the symbols or models which our minds construct, and he makes a good point about art being a representation not of objects but of feelings.

His thought is too highly compressed for brief discussion, but one thing emerges very clearly. As a result of increased scientific knowledge it is much easier nowadays to agree that whatever is outside ourselves is undoubtedly very different from what we 'perceive'. In fact it is almost self-evident, and one doubts whether it needs any further demonstration – or whether, indeed, it is at all meaningful to talk of the 'identity' and 'likeness', or otherwise, of the external world compared to our perceptions of it.

PHILIP ROBINSON

The Wind of Egotism

The Novels of George Eliot. By BARBARA HARDY. *Athlone Press.* 25*s.*

The conventional and obvious argument against placing George Eliot in the front rank of world novelists rests on the slenderness of her mature achievement: *Romola* is a stuffed owl of a book, *Felix Holt* a bore, the Jewish theme in *Daniel Deronda* very unsatisfactory. One is left with *Middlemarch* and the relatively slight *Mill on the Floss*, and bits of other novels. Not enough.

On the other hand she is the most intellectually accomplished of all the English novelists and she has a moral vision as keen as any (although there is something monotonous and occasionally self-admiring in its articulation). One feels that she ought to be better than she is – that the extravagant claims made for her since she was rescued from neglect by a motley critical crew headed by Lord David Cecil and Dr Leavis ought to be true or nearly true. This feeling probably explains why *Middlemarch* (which is obviously her best book) has had so many wild things said about it. Even Mrs Barbara Hardy loses her balance over *Middlemarch*. I say 'even' because her new study, which covers all the novels and stories and makes full use of the seven volumes of letters, is a cool and sensible appraisal, far removed from the see-no-evil devotional criticism which George Eliot's work often attracts. And so one jumps – 'one' means anyone who has soldiered through the Garth sections of *Middlemarch* – at the suggestion that 'all parts are equally arresting and convincing'.

Mrs Hardy's book is a study of form. The driving force behind it is the desire to challenge Henry James's view, in so far as it has been held to apply to George Eliot, of the Victorian novel as a 'large loose baggy monster'. Form in George Eliot is approached by a difficult and rewarding route – that of her naturalism. How, Mrs Hardy asks, does one get the sense of the artifact, the ordered pattern, under and through the quiet, discrete normality of her people and situations? And she answers by means of a most happy image: George Eliot's people are like 'trees bent out of shape by the prevailing wind' – the wind of egotism which blows through all her books, over the 'good' people (like Dorothea Brooke who has to grow away from her almost innocent self-concern to see that poor Mr Casaubon's life has a different centre from her own) as well as the 'bad', the

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blind and rapacious egotists who throng her pages.

This steady moral gaze is treated as an informing principle, brought to the fore by Mrs Hardy and to some extent isolated from what Gwendolen Harleth in *Deronda* calls 'ideas, knowledge, wisdom, and all that'. The central chapters are solid and convincing enough to vindicate this approach. Detailed analysis of style (for example, images of plants and children are seen as exerting a distinctive pathetic force) is less impressive; the trouble is that with a million words of fiction at hand one can prove anything, whereas the ways of establishing a general insight such as Mrs Hardy has attained are not narrowly linguistic.

JOHN JONES

Father of Abstraction?

Kandinsky. By WILL GROHMANN. Trans. NORBERT GUTERMAN. *Thames & Hudson. 7gns.*

Is this a serious study of an interesting artist's life and work? Or is it really a monster exhibition catalogue, where a number of the pictures are for sale? Professor Grohmann sometimes writes as if it were the second. Thus: 'If a poll of painters were taken asking which modern master has exerted the greatest influence, it is quite certain that Kandinsky would win.' Quite certain. . . . Well, sir, what will you bet? And does 'influence' make a good painter? And is Kandinsky really a modern? He belonged, in fact, to the generation of Chekhov and Gorky and Merezhkovsky, or in painting to that of Bonnard and Toulouse-Lautrec; he was six years older than Scriabin and seven years younger than Seurat. Perhaps it is too late to consider whether he is a modern master, and too soon to say if he will ever rank as an old one. But, at least, if we are to consider him seriously, such questions must be answered and not begged.

Kandinsky is one of half a dozen artists who are claimed to have discovered abstract painting early in this century, and he came to it not from any purist concern with form and proportion but from an interest in the symbolism and mysticism of the Nineties. His first abstract pictures thus relate less to cubism than to the colour experiments of Scriabin or to those strange blancmange-like illustrations which one finds in theosophical works. He aimed, so he wrote in 1912, at 'the expression of mystery in terms of mystery'; he saw Böcklin and Rossetti as 'searchers for the inner life of the external'; he listened to Rudolf Steiner and Schuré and Madame Blavatsky, and wrote plays and poems that are not unlike the notoriously dreadful texts used by Schönberg and Webern. He was also an eternal theorist, whose writings are often presented (as here) as if they were a sane and helpful doctrine of abstract art: a 'synthesis' of painting and architecture, suggests Professor Grohmann of his Bauhaus teaching. But look up 'synthesis' in the index of Kandinsky's Bauhaus book—and it is very odd that one should be able to—and you will find it covering a whole range of unclear thoughts: the combination of 'Outside plus Inside', or of 'intuition and calculation', or something which 'will ultimately reach far beyond the frontiers of art into the sphere of the "unity" of the "human" and the divine'. If artists today are helped by philosophising, it will not be by philosophising like this.

Besides Kandinsky, the Bauhaus teachers included Klee, Feininger, Schlemmer and Moholy-Nagy. But did they ever produce a great painter? And was Kandinsky anyway a great painter himself? What last year's Tate exhibition implied is borne out here by 900 illustrations of varying sizes: that he was a forceful painter and a marvellous colourist between 1908 and 1910, and that this persisted into his first, most frenzied abstract works; but that after 1920 his pictures lost a lot of their life. No doubt this is the result of his trying to rationalise an irrational approach; of planning pictures intellectually and introducing geometric forms; of listening too much to Klee and the Constructivists at the Bauhaus, and Miro in Paris after 1933. For Kandinsky had not the sensitive line of Klee or Miro; take away the frenzy and his composition becomes increasingly bitty, his forms often strangely indecisive. The blazing colour gives way to something much less precarious and unusual: to varicoloured shapes and patches on a monochrome ground.

Unfortunately the author is still in the enthusiastic mood of the 1920s, when any abstract picture had to be defended as morally and æsthetically good. He has omitted a number of the artist's landscape studies 'to avoid placing too much emphasis on early works'—a decision which must surely reduce the usefulness of his concluding catalogue—and his judgment often seems neither objective nor discriminating. This would matter less if he gave a real insight into Kandinsky's method of work, but, apart from a mysterious reference or two to his use of 'mathematics', he says less than can be found out by looking at the preparatory drawings. Mainly he describes the pictures, a long succession of them, using either Kandinsky's own conceptions of punctuation, tension and movement (his identification of a square with the colour red, its left side with 'distance' and its right side with 'home', and so on); or else subjective associations of his own. Even the former often have a non-æsthetic basis

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—Kandinsky's use of the point, for example, derives from the full stop—and the latter far more so. A ladder-like form is 'pointing to something sacred'; a rectangular figure dotted with disks anticipates the electronic computer; a vaguely parrot-like shape is 'the Holy Ghost'. Art which has to be seen in this way is surely no 'purer' and no less 'literary' than one which includes 'the so-called "human" element'; (the Professor's sneer). For theology and science fiction are 'literature' too.

Undoubtedly Kandinsky has had a good deal of influence on the modern abstract-expressionist school, though the question here is whether this makes him 'modern' or shows them to be less 'modern' than they think. But even if one looks at him in the most favourable light and accepts everything that Professor Grohmann has to say, this remains an in-between book. Despite some interesting facts about a most interesting man it is not a biography; the curious treatment given to Gabriele Münter and the skimpy account of Kandinsky's spell in Russia between 1916 and 1921 show that it is still too early for that. It is far too unselective to be a proper critical account. It contains a good bibliography and a substantial catalogue, with illustrations of all the paintings listed, but the catalogue is deliberately incomplete and about a third of the works are not numbered. Carefully produced as it is (and unusually well translated), there is only one sense in which this can be called a definitive work. Nobody is likely to take so much trouble again.

JOHN WILLETT

The latest additions to the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art (15s. each) are *Sotatsu* and *Hokusai* (with introductions and notes by William Watson and Peter C. Swann respectively).

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New Fiction

Trial by Battle. By PETER TOWRY. *Hutchinson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Native Ground. By PHILIP CALLOW. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Hours After Noon. By PAUL BOWLES. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Vine of Dark Grapes. By LIVIA DE STEFANI. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

Wrong Number. By ROGER LONGRIGG. *Faber.* 15*s.*

On one level *Trial by Battle* is familiar enough. In the early stages of the war the Cambridge undergraduate joins the Indian Army. There are the usual misunderstandings while he adapts himself to the unfamiliar routine; he thinks of the girl he left behind; and then, after intensive training in India for desert warfare, he is sent to fight Japanese in the Malayan jungle and has his terrible trial by battle. The situations are all familiar. But this is unimportant. It is the writing that matters, and the writing is superb. The pages are sprinkled with quiet, delicious phrases. Mr Towry has to be read slowly and savoured. The humour is dry, almost melancholy, and occasionally macabre. Yet Mr Towry's purpose is serious and in his dry manner achieves a sustained intensity which makes this one of the most absorbing and painful books about jungle warfare that I have read. His subject is heroism, neither the chest-beating nor the self-deprecating sort, but something simpler and more understandable: the heroism which, beginning from a desire to carry out instructions, ends in a clumsy, despairing determination to survive, in circumstances which make survival pointless and unreal. The novel is weak only in its last two pages. The end, though plausible, is theatrical and artistically unnecessary. And the writing here could have been plainer. Similes—'the road was empty as Sunday', 'veering like a rotten leaf in the wind, brittle and crumbling'—coming at such an important point in the action are distracting. Mr Towry exacts close attention and these minor lapses, which would hardly have been noticeable in most writers, spoil the climax to this impressive novel.

Native Ground is a series of autobiographical vignettes in which the narrator illustrates rather than recounts the various sections of his career. The effect is as satisfying as that of a connected narrative; perhaps more so, for autobiographical details easily become blurred, whereas each of Mr Callow's snapshots is wonderfully clear. There is little incident; what we get are the narrator's responses to his changing circumstances. We follow him from school to the factory, to the office, to the telephone exchange. We see him as a boy afraid of the 'cold spaces' of the suburbs, anxious to get back to the warm huddle of the centre. As a young man he is restless, oppressed by the city, and we leave him after he has tried unsuccessfully to escape. Mr Callow is an artist and knows exactly what he can do. In the sketch called *Noon Sun*, just five pages long, he sums up his disgust at the two years spent as a clerk. This is simply a description of a city square in the lunch hour: sandwiches are eaten, there is courting of a kind, a fellow clerk tries to sell insurance. Then the hour is over, the square empties, and abruptly we realise the writer's purpose:

> Flying bits of the fountain splintered on my ear, wetting it. The sun scorched the back of my neck. I got up dizzily. I was closed now, dark, ready for the office, my shadow tight behind me. I allowed the hatred to run, the old loathing for clerks of all kinds, including myself. We were like things under stones.

Nothing is forced in these sketches, nothing tidied up, yet the book as a whole has shape. Mr Callow's outstanding quality is his honesty. His prose is clear and easy and elegant, his observation sharp but kind, and never superficial.

The stories in *The Hours after Noon* have a certain resemblance to Mr Callow's sketches. They are well written and they often have no plot. But they give me little pleasure. Though they are soaked in sensibility, they exercise the intellect rather than the senses, and I continually feel I am missing the point. An American woman writer has tea with an Arab boy and does not seduce him. An American photographer spends a night in a vile Mexican tavern and is not beaten up or robbed. An American girl in New York waits for her lover and he does not come. There is a good story about a boy's ruined Christmas, but for most of the time we are close to that region, known only to certain short-story writers, in which nothing happens to terribly sensitive people called 'the man' and 'the girl'. My distrust of these stories is deepened when I find that as soon as Mr Bowles does have a story to tell he pounces on it with insensitive gusto. Interestingly, these are Mexican and North African stories. They have a folksy, bazaar quality.

Folksy, too, is *The Vine of Dark Grapes*. It is not so much a novel as a legend padded out to novel size. Once upon a time there was a Sicilian who, to his shame, fell in love with a whore. He made her give up her profession, forbade her to leave the house, and whenever she bore him a child, had it promptly sent out to foster parents. This went on for years and years. Then the time came for the Sicilian to return to his native village and he decided to marry this woman, since most people had forgotten her profession, and he had grown old. So they gathered up all their children and went home. The children had never seen one another and the eldest boy fell in love with one of his sisters and she became pregnant and there was disaster. The novel treatment adds little to this summary except length.

When in doubt, Raymond Chandler said, have a man come through the door with a gun in his hand. When Mr Longrigg is in doubt he packs a couple off to bed. *Wrong Number* rocks, mechanically and joylessly, with doubt. This dragging account of the misadventures that befall an amateur production of a musical based on *Dr Faustus* is like a Wodehouse novel without the plot, gaiety or innocence. But the lyrics are excellent.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Shorter Reviews

Can I Help You? By DUDLEY PERKINS. *Cassell.* 16*s.*

'Can I safely marry again', wrote an undaunted man to the Delphic Mr Perkins, 'if I have not heard anything of my wife from any source since she left me over seven years ago?' Emphatically no: if your wife is alive your second 'marriage' will be bigamous and any children of it illegitimate—the seven years' absence would help you only on your trial for bigamy. 'Why should I pay for a new ceiling and a new cold-water cistern and then leave the benefit with the landlord when I go?' Because your agreement doesn't bind the landlord to do it. 'We have spoken to our neighbour in a quiet manner and she says she will do as she likes.' She wouldn't if only she could be induced to listen to Mr Perkins: she might even write to him and ask: '*Why* can't I do as I like?', and she would get an answer that convinced by its very gentleness. He has been broadcasting *Can I help You?*, and helping millions, since 1951. He has had

20,000 letters, dealing with them in between being a member of the Council of the Law Society and Chief Solicitor to the Port of London Authority. This book is based on 'a fair sample of the problems which the letters show to be of the widest general interest and concern to people in their everyday lives'. Accordingly, it goes into detail over such simple problems as *how* to choose a solicitor when you have never consulted one in your life before. There has in recent years been no shortage of law books for the layman, but I do not remember one written by a lawyer from such an unusual experience or with such disarming clarity.

C. H. R.

The Guinness Book of Poetry, 2. 1957-58. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This beautifully produced collection opens with the three Guinness Award winning poems, chosen from all the poetry published in the year ending 1 July 1958, and with the three prize-winning poems submitted in the Cheltenham Festival poetry competition, these prizes also being awarded by Messrs Guinness. The remainder of the book consists of 69 poems by as many poets, two of whom (Patricia Beer and Norman MacCaig) are also prize-winners. It is a formidably efficient collection and its high standard is a proper reward for the generous and enlightened patronage which has called it into being, as well as a deserved tribute to the vitality and craftsmanship of contemporary poetry.

If one were to try to deduce a common factor in today's poems from the evidence given here one would have to start from the observation that most of these verses are descriptive and reflective rather than lyrical, and that, while there is tremendous variety of manner, the voices ranging from emotive bass to sardonic pipings, there is also something of a common endeavour to pin down reality in a sudden sharp image. Many of these images are apt, R. S. Thomas's 'holy mildew' upon the black cloth of the old clergymen, for example, and Sean O'Criadain's description of 'The dark of the horses moving Like a thirst on the face of the land'. These are the minor revelations of poetry, and few of the contributors to this book attempt anything more profound. They speak with clarity and pity, and probe into the dark or radiant places of the everyday with considerable skill, yet after the last poem has made the last object stand out in relief, the last comment bite home, one feels, somehow, admiring but not awed. Where was the magic? Where were the drums and trumpets? Perhaps we should be satisfied with small excellencies, and, certainly, the poems by Edwin Muir, Norman MacCaig, Terence Tiller, Graham Hough, Robert Graves, Thomas Kinsella, Martin Bell, and Zophia Ilinska are worth a place in anyone's commonplace book. Nevertheless, there is something missing. Perhaps poetry can sometimes be *too* competent. One should not, however, examine such a gift-horse too closely. Though one or two of the teeth may be hollow, it is a welcome Pegasus. Buy it. It will be Good For You.

R. S.

The Great Belzoni. By STANLEY MAYES. *Putnam.* 42*s.*

The decade of Waterloo was also that of a great spurt in the hunt for antiquities for national museums. Lord Elgin was not merely a peer, but good for £50,000 of outlay on bringing Greek statues from Athens to Bloomsbury; Henry Salt was only a consul, but could squeeze out £5,000 for Egyptian ones; but poor Giovanni Battista Belzoni was a displaced person of the Napoleonic wars, with no roots in England and no money. So while every schoolboy knows of the first, while the second is well-remembered inside the British Museum, few—in spite of his major discoveries in Egypt—have heard of Belzoni. Yet a name was all he wanted for his pains. To earn it, his assets were a colossal frame, a flair for devising winches that would move huge statues and sarcophagi, a way with the natives, a wonderful wife, and an eye for likely sites. But, chagrin of chagrins, he had to work for Salt's pay.

Mr Mayes sets out to rescue him from this indignity, and from oblivion, but the job is uphill. Belzoni was illiterate in English, and no reader; and though at times he kept a diary, he is so little able to transmit emotion, excitement, or any kind of visual image that he is seldom worth quoting. Mr Mayes has therefore to fall back on other travellers' tales, on digressions about contemporary society, and on speculation. ('It is hard to believe he [Belzoni] had no hand in this, yet there is no reason to suppose that he did.') All this padding makes the book too long and expensive for its content, while the effort to keep Belzoni on stage, and at its centre, entails a reluctance to dwell on his many shortcomings. Restless, huffy, agog for the limelight, he sought an English reputation on the basis of some very Italian characteristics. A slightly effusive book suggests that he was grand rather than great.

E. M.

Contemporary English Poetry By ANTHONY THWAITE. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This book began as a series of lectures given to Japanese students. Mr Thwaite has revised these, and provided a stimulating introduction to the subject for English readers. He assumes an intelligent response, but no great technical knowledge, and criticises with a fair-mindedness which is never mere sitting on the fence. In his opening chapter he makes it clear that 'a poem begins, not in attitudes, but in words' and that he is not interested in an elaborate discussion of influences. He prefers to treat poets as individuals and chooses fourteen of them as main subjects of discussion, dealing in greatest detail with Hopkins, Yeats, Eliot and Auden, but also offering interesting comments on William Empson and George Barker. He has two chapters with briefer references, mostly to younger poets, and adds a useful bibliography, both of poetry and of criticism.

Mr Thwaite writes with an ease and clarity (except in one oddly woolly sentence about the Sitwells) which is a pleasure to read. His book would be a most helpful school textbook for sixth form: students could learn from it, among other things, how to criticise a poem without chopping it up into lifeless frag-

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ments. The poems discussed, other than those by Hopkins, are all in the Penguin *Contemporary Verse* or Robert Conquest's anthology *New Lines*, which are meant to be used alongside Mr Thwaite's book.

S. L.

The Young Rebel in American Literature. Edited by CARL BODE. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Dr Carl Bode, cultural attaché at the American Embassy in London, organised a series of seven lectures in 1957 around the theme of dissent in American literature. He himself opened the series, which has now been assembled in book form, with a lecture on 'Thoreau: the Double Negative'. This is followed by one on 'Walt Whitman as Innovator', by David Daiches. Geoffrey Moore writes on Sinclair Lewis ('Lost Romantic'); Walter Bezanson on Scott Fitzgerald ('Bedeviled Prince Charming'); Lewis Leary on H. L. Mencken ('Changeless Critic in Changing Times'); R. W. B. Lewis on John Steinbeck ('Fitful Daemon'); and Carlos Baker on Faulkner ('The Doomed and the Damned'). Except for Mr Daiches and Mr Moore the contributors are American. As the subtitles may suggest, these seven pieces vary in approach and in quality. Given a free hand by Dr Bode, whose own essay is admirably terse and direct, his colleagues have exemplified the general theme by going their own individual ways. Possibly the title is a little misleading, though no doubt it will be the purchaser's own fault—and do him good—if he expects it to deal with the Beat Generation. The volume might well have been fattened out with a few notes—on Mr Leary's essay, for example, which refers to books but does not say who wrote them. Still, a varied and readable collection which ought to appeal to the interested yet non-expert British audience for whom it was originally devised.

M. F. C.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,525 **Set by Porson**

Competitors are invited to produce an epigram of not more than four lines on the proposal to allow German and Russian as alternatives to Latin in the Oxford Responsions. Entries by 26 May: Latin not ruled out.

Result of No. 1,522 **Set by Brian Hill**

The usual prizes are offered for a translation of this poem by Clément Marot.

Monsieur l'Abbé et monsieur son valet
Sont faictz egaulx tous deux comme de cire:
L'un est grand fol, l'autre petit folet;
L'un veult railler, l'autre gaudir et rire;
L'un boit du bon, l'autre ne boit du pire;
Mais un débat au soir entre eulx s'esmeut,
Car maistre abbé toute la nuict ne veult
Estre sans vin, que sans secours ne meure,
Et son valet jamais dormir ne peult
Tandis qu'au pot une goute en demeure.

Report

Nearly every competitor made light of the difficulties in translating Marot's verse. Good versions abounded. Not everyone, however, succeeded in keeping to the rhyming sequence of the original.

W. G. Daish went in for Sussex dialect:

O'd parson an' his clerk
Hobnobs as close as wex—

Geoffrey Nicholson nearly rang the bell with a modern version—

The Rev's a real mad hatter, the batman's a March hare

and J. A. Lindon's

A couple of numskuddle noddlesome ninnies—

evoked a pleasant picture. Witty entries came too from Barbara Roe, A. W. Dicker, R. A. McKenzie, Lindley Abbatt and T. R. Johnson.

I suggest the division of the prize money among the entries that follow. The runners-up are Stanley J. Sharpless, Free and Easy, Little Billee, Michael Darracott and G. Wilson Smith.

Sir John the Prieste, Sir Jack his bodie-slave
Are like to like, as it were candles twaine:
One's a greate Boobie, t'other a littell Knave;
One loves to mocke, the other laughs amaine;
John drinks fine Claret, Jack faire sacke of Spaine.
To nighte, there's Strife betweene'm; for Sir John
Loves not to drink till the laste draught be gone,
For hee doth dreade the night of wine berefte:
While master Jack will never lay him downe
So long as there's a Drop of liquor lefte.

E. H. CAMPION

Father O'Flynn and his man Mick McCall
Are just as like as two halfs of a bean;
The one's a great fool, and t'other a small:
Himself sits mocking the grinning spalpeen
And both there swigging the finest poteen.

But when it gets dark they argue the toss
For the priest's in mortal fear of a doss
Without a sup. near—in case he pegs out,
While old Mick can't sleep for thought of the loss
To his poor parched throat if one drop's about.

JOHN WELCH

See parson and parson's butler, who be
Like as two peas in pod, both somewhat mad:
One a great boob, t'other a little booby;
One loves a joke and t'other's always glad;
One drinks good liquor, t'other drinks no bad;
But they fall out when fades the evening light
For master parson will not pass the night
With no wine broached, less unctionless he die,
And butler, wakeful, sees no sleep in sight
Whilst in the jug one drop of wine doth lie.

ALAN BREAM

Sir Priest and serving-man though they be twain;
Are like two waxen figures from one press:
The one's quite mad, the other's not quite sane;
One loves rude jests, the other bawdiness;
One drinks hearty, t'other drinks no less.
At eventide hot words between them fly,
For Parson will not let the night go by
Without his wine, deprived of which, he'd die;
Whereas his man can never shut an eye
Till he's made certain that the jug is dry.

APPLE TREE

Like I was tellin' yer, this feller Abie's a fool,
An' Wally, wot works for 'im, 'e ain't a much better case.
They're both fond of takin' the mickey, but Abie's more cool
While Wally'll sit there an' laugh right out loud in yer face.
They can both knock 'em back all right, drink after drink after drink.

But where it comes awkward is bedtime, for that bloomin' drip
Abie's in terror of 'eart attacks, 'e likes to think.
That 'e's got a drop in reserve, save 'is life with a sip
But Wally, 'e can't sleep a wink, it's a thought what'll
Keep him awake all night long, 'there's a drop in the bottle!'

D. ROTHENBERG

The priest and his servant are men of the same stamp.
Cast in one mould together, each seems the other's half.
The priest is a jolly simpleton, the servant a cheerful scamp,
The one loves to have his joke, the other his belly-laugh—
And both know good from bad, if only in a carafe.
That two, so alike by day, should differ so much all night!
The priest would nurse his drink lest he suffer the plight
Of waking to find it finished, and lacking its succour, die:
So the master dare not sleep without some wine in sight—
And while but a drop remains, his man won't close an eye!

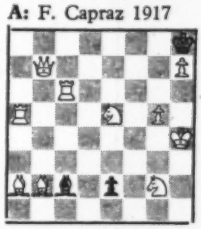
P. M

The Chess Board

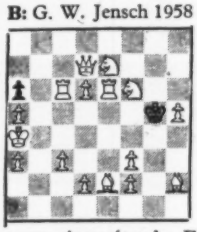
No. 496. Seven Discoveries

The seven weeks between Easter and Whitsun being the proper time for some of us to discover the beauty of nature as well as the moth-holes in our summer clothes, that should give me a sufficiently seasonal connotation for **A**. For White to win this position would seem to be easy enough if it weren't for the condition that the mate has to be administered by a series of seven discovered checks. Even so, for the 5 ladder-points I am prepared to offer for this, it should be rather more of a bargain than **B** is for 6 points, a fairly generous rate for the job. And thereby hangs the tale of the beautiful Swedish Countess whose devotion to chess was as passionate as her paramour's fondly requited love for the châtelaine. All day those two would sit at the chess table gazing into each other's eyes rather more than at the 64 squares. Seeing the tears well up in the lady's beautiful blue eyes her lover was shocked to realise that, absent-mindedly, he had robbed her of all her patrimony, being himself as many as seven pieces 'up'. Forthwith, he decided to relinquish every one of them by making her win a piece on each of her next seven moves; and just so as to bring her smile back to that beloved face, more beautiful than ever with her tears trickling down those gentle cheeks, he would give her the chance—nay, he would force her to reap glorious triumph on her seventh move. (Or to put it less romantically, he made it a sui-mate in 7.) As for **C** there is no romance involved nor even the headline connotation of the figure seven. But it does give me an opportunity of doling out three times four ladder-points for one and the same diagram. It is supposed to be a game position in which Black, somewhat sourly, resigned. 'You've got a mate in 3,' he said, 'because your Kt happens to be so favourably posted.' 'Very well,' said White, 'I'll remove the Kt and I can still mate you in 5.' —'So you can,' said Black with ill grace, 'but just because my KRP has one move only.' —'I'll give it a free run,' said White, 'I'll remove my KRP and my KKtP as well, and I'll mate you in 3.' Black gave it some thought and then asked to be excused. 'I've got a head-ache,' he said. **D** and **E** are very brilliant end game studies, both draws, and not much over-rated at 8 and 9 points. Usual prizes. Entries by 25 May.

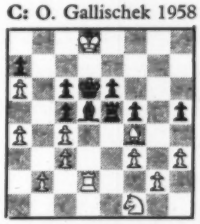
A: F. Capraz 1917



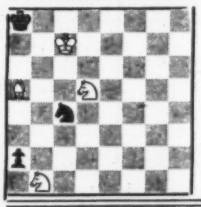
B: G. W. Jensch 1958



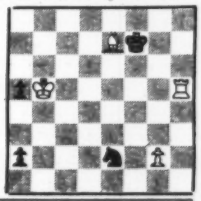
C: O. Gallischek 1958



D: H. Mattison 1921



E: G. N. Zachodyakin 1951



Report on No. 493. Set 25 April

A: (1) QxP ch!, KxQ; (2) KtxKt ch, K-Kt1; (3) Kt-B6 ch, K-B2; (4) Kt-Q5 ch etc

B: (1) Q-R3 ch, K-Q7; (2) Q-R5 ch, K-B7!; (3) Q-R2 ch, K-B6!; (4) Kt-Kt3!, Q-B1 (the only feasible spot); (5) Kt-K4 ch, K-Q6, (6) Q-Q2 ch, KxKt; (7) Q-K2 ch, followed by Q-KB2 ch etc.

C: (1) P-Kt7, B-B5; (2) R-R2 ch, K-Kt3; (3) R-Kt2 ch, K-R2; (4) P=Q ch, BxQ; (5) R-QR2!!, PxR ch, (forced); (6) K-R1 etc.

Quite a few correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen (now in USA), M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

City Lights

Nonsixmanship

Some people feel about mortgages the way others feel about rent: building societies, which work for love rather than profit, can expect no greater freedom from regular abuse than landlords enjoy. So to work. When the Council of the Building Societies Association chose to postpone for yet another three months its overdue decision about mortgage rates, the most plausible excuse it could find was the disturbing trend of new investment. The net inflow of funds to building societies, after running at what was admittedly a record level during January and February, had fallen off—not much, admittedly, but disturbingly—during March. Nobody outside the Council of the Building Societies Association took this excuse very seriously; but how are you to contradict the expert in a field where the scarcity of information makes instinct all-important, particularly when the expert has the only figures there are?

Well, the regular quarterly return of societies representing about three-quarters of the movement's assets came out the other day. It showed a net inflow of funds during the first quarter of this year of just on £61m, against £56m in the very good fourth quarter of 1958; moreover, all but a small fraction of the £68½m advanced to new borrowers in this period was covered by repayments on existing mortgages. During April, it appears, the bigger societies experienced an inflow of funds so large as to be embarrassing, and the Council, whatever its difficulties in attempting to reconcile the different interests of its members, can scarcely hope to escape criticism for its decision to keep interest rates at their present high level. There is little doubt, at any rate, that new borrowers will be able to get their mortgages more cheaply in July. Old borrowers will have to wait until October.

* * *

Mr Maudling, struggling with the collapse of the European free trade area, seems to have fallen for the tough approach advised by his mild officials—helped on his way, no doubt, by Sir David's preference for more matey methods. The trouble about talking tough, of course, is to find an interested audience, and the Common Market countries can afford, for the moment at least, to ignore the roaring of Reggie the Lion-heart. The scheme which has been simmering for the past few months and which now seems to be coming to the boil—a free trade area of Britain, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries, with Austria and Portugal probably thrown in—is nothing much to roar about. Certainly there is a little to be said for it on economic grounds. True, the Swiss and the Swedes are hot for it, ready to make light of the technical difficulties which bedevilled the earlier negotiations and to cut the majority of tariffs very quickly. Yet the scheme is obviously a miserable second-best; the journalists, anxious for a memorable label, have summed the situation up neatly by referring to this gaggle of wallflowers as the 'non-six'. British industry, blindly keyed up to prodigies of competitive valour for the sake of the European market, must now feel like a soldier ready to die for his country who is asked to peel small potatoes for it instead. If, of course, it was a simple case of having to make do with a poor second-best the dose might be swallowed. What is intolerable—though understandable enough in anyone who has had to negotiate with the French during the past few months—is the pretence that this poor makeshift will strengthen Britain's immediate negotiating position.

* * *

Selling gold to dollar-scared Americans has become a profitable international pastime. The poor chaps are allowed to buy the stuff anywhere but at home, so the Canadians are selling it to them, the South Africans are offering it to them, and now a London merchant bank is to provide them with gold certificates; this is the bank, by the way, which now distinguishes between hoarding gold (a disreputable practice indulged in by Indian and French peasants) and investing in gold (for which one must be a wealthy speculator). If the Russians were now to unload the gold which the statisticians assume to be in their stockpile, it would save the Federal Reserve Board a good deal of worry. It may be, of course, that they have something better to do with their resources than the statisticians assume.

* * *

Gifts *inter vivos* escape estate duty provided that the donor lasts out another five years. The trouble is that the old man is usually too mean to shell out until the last possible moment—hence a great deal of anxiety for young men who can well afford it and a crop of bar-jokes about chaps kept going in the deep-freeze. The prudent thing, of course, is to insure the old miser. The chairman of the Northern Assurance reported this week that the company had secured two such temporary assurances—of £1.65m each. It is gratifying to learn that 'an increasing number of large proposals of this type are being received'.

TAURUS

PANEM ET CIRCENSES

Pity the Romans didn't have television. They liked their entertainment lavish and they liked it lurid. Yet it took more than gladiators to make a Roman holiday. With an exquisite taste for the finer things of life, the plebs demanded bread as well as circuses. Rome has spoken. Vox populi is the vox of breadagogues everywhere.

Patricians in the know about nutrition applaud the role that bread plays in the average diet. They say that bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more iron and more of the two important vitamins B_1 and niacin, than any other single food.* With a performance like this, bread certainly deserves star billing on the family menu.

In pane veritas. The only plebean thing about bread is its price. Although bread is the cheapest basic food you can get, it is also the best, in terms of food value per penny. So see your family eats plenty of good *fresh* bread every day.

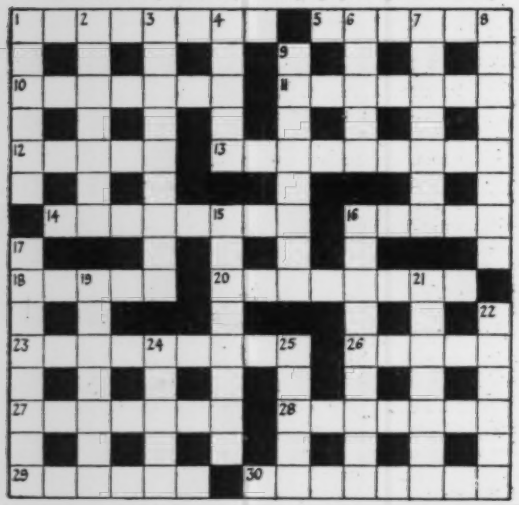
**National Food Survey Committee Report, 1956 (Page 133) published by H.M.S.O. In 1956, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 24.7% of the energy; 26.3% of the protein; 26.9% of the Vitamin B_1; 24.2% of the niacin; 23% of the iron.*

Note:—*All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour:* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0.24 milligrams.* Niacin—*not less than 1.60 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1.65 milligrams.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Week-end Crossword 355

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 355, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 26 May.



ACROSS

1. The beginnings of originality come before skill in my professor (8).
5. Wristy motoring friend (6).
10. Disproves as a prophet looking back about what is to come (7).
11. Clasp which joins a foreign nobleman to Birkenhead (7).
12. Prison of an old convict (5).
13. Kind of country from which the latest lie may come (9).
14. The Greek king makes an advertisement with a man's name (8).
16. An artist would make the conspiratorial dog bark (5).
18. Trees form a boundary (5).
20. Somewhere in Wales a girl is after everything back (8).
23. Concurrences which can make no mess dry (9).
26. Suffer at the start of an invasion (5)
27. Bury including for example the whole number (7).
28. Drive crazy by putting the huge inn out of order (7).
29. This belt reversed would be the outfit for old age (6).
30. Flowers may have them as a means of gambling in resorts (8).

DOWN

1. Isolate a colour (6).
2. With coat standing up ran away agitated (7).
3. People who are adult in being against weapons (9).
4. Beg in the back street for jobs (5).
6. Spongy time according to Iris (5).
7. If these birds turn up, breathe in hard (7).
8. There is something precious in a displaced alien for a subject (8).
9. The enthusiast sat up at the start of this work (8).
15. The winter sports movement makes me let up over the chest (8).
16. Well looked after as I am between two women in civil defence (9).
17. Turning red. It's the port (8).
19. A lizard whose egg is found in uncultivated land (7).
21. Terse as an airman about the spin of a coin (7).
22. People who stink in the grammar school (6).
24. Concerning a young lady —ot common (5).
25. Dismiss in the best umpiring style (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 353

S	C	A	N	S	I	O	N		P	L	A	C	E	T
I		R		T		W		B		U		O		R
M	E	S	S	A	L	I	N	A		N	A	L	G	O
I		O		M		N		R		C		U		U
L	A	N	C	I	N	G		B	A	H	A	M	A	S
E				N				A		E		N		E
	B	R	O	A	C	H	E	D		S	K	I	E	R
I		E				O		O				S		S
M	E	D	O	C		A	B	S	O	L	U	T	E	
A		S		H		R				E				B
G	O	T	H	A	R	D		P	O	S	T	A	G	E
I		A		L		I		U		S		P		A
N	O	R	S	E		N	U	R	S	E	R	I	E	S
E		T		T		G		S		E		N		T
D	E	S	I	S	T		M	E	S	S	A	G	E	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 353

Miss M. Beeley (Oxford)
Mrs Gladys Langham (Leicester)
B. Ainley (Stockport)

PERSONAL

RESPONSIBLE middle-aged female employed part-time, seeks accom. in pleasant household exchange services – companionship, baby sitting, help with cooking & dish-washing, suggestions welcomed. Box 8410.

JULY holiday as p.g. with family reqd for French girl of 15. Engl. conversation or tuition appreciated. H. J. S., 22 Campden Hill Gardens, W8.

SOS. Excellent pianist prof. standard, living in London, wishes contact other musicians for chamber music, accompanying, 2 piano concertos. Tel. MUS. 8565.

JAMES N. Judge, living Trinity, Edinburgh, 1956. Contact Whatley, Pabbay, Broadford, Skye.

PROFESSIONAL pianist recently come to London wishes accompanying work & to form trio view prof. engagements. MUS. 8565.

GRADUATE (f.) would like companions for month's holiday in N. Africa from about 20 June. Box 8442.

PROF. man wishes to hear from others of both sexes interested in forming a small group to live communally, in his pleasant house in own grounds by the sea (Saltdean, Brighton) sharing exps. Box 8347.

ADVICE needed. Can someone advise of organisations, individuals, etc. willing to financially assist accepted student (24) wishing study Social Science? Box 8515.

VOLUNTARY Work. Interesting personal work with Voluntary Organisation in London with National Advice Service. Would suit retired professional worker or married woman with two or three days a week to spare. Typing essential, shorthand an advantage. Expenses paid. Letters to Box 8449.

EXPERIENCED business man would finance and take part in worthwhile business venture. Please state in confidence, adequate particulars to enable proposition to be assessed. Only sound projects that can stand thorough investigation considered. Box 8526.

REQD: set Italian, French Linguaphone/similar records. Good condn. Box 8447.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, journals, articles, books. Box 8524.

AUTHOR/Journalist (successful but with some free time) seeks part-time occupation. Comprehensive commercial/editorial/secretarial exper. Car owner. Ex-Public schl. Moderate travel not objected to. Box 8293.

COULD the James Dean World-Wide Club interest you? Partics. from Box 8444.

CARAVAN. 4-berth, £3-£4 weekly. Very secluded pleasant site, free fishing. Easy reach Pembrokeshire coasts, Middleton, Fronhaul. Login, Whitland, Carms.

FORD Utility converted for touring and camping with bunk, basin, pump, tank, cooking, lockers. Tent extension. Suit 2/3. £150 or offer. Box 8531.

POTTERS. Small estab. pottery for sale. Attract. studio with showrm, nr centre of London. Two kilns and all other equip. suitable for anyone developing own range. R. & R. £238 p.a. Price £750. Write Box 8534.

WE meet to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

IN 1939 you could have had a superior top-hat or a portrait by Anthony Panting for your 2 gns; how often do you wear your top hat now?

PERSONAL—continued

ACCOMMODATION avail (78 single rms) 20 July-14 Aug for conferences, etc. Apply: Secretary, New College, London, 527 Finchley Rd, Hampstead, NW3.

SEE you at the new Partisan Coffee House, (7 Carlisle St, W1, off Soho Sq). The Left-Bank eating place of the Inside-Left.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni, WEL. 6655 for details.

HOMOSEXUALITY calls for understanding, not persecution. If you think that the law should be changed, write to: – The Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

GERMAN, all levels, classes & private lessons. Social activities with German students. Ashley College: GER. 8782.

VISAPHONE for Foreign Languages: 9 LP records & 2 bks in case. French & German, 8 gns. Interpret for Foreign Holidays: 3 LP records & 2 bks. French, Spanish, Italian and German. £3 10s. Free trial, post free. No deposit. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone NS) 10 Bayley St WC1. MUS 7223

TV urgently needs scripts! Our correspondence course can teach you to earn big money by writing TV scripts that sell. Individual and practical coaching by experts. Free Prospectus from Department 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley Street, London, W1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. for board & lodg. & offering 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit – details from Investment Dept N, Davies Investments Ltd. Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2.

STORIES and Articles invited for immediate submission to editors. 10% commission basis. Unsuitable MSS. are returned with criticism and guidance. Return postage essential. Literary Agency Ltd, 8 Blenheim Street, Mayfair, W1.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent, also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

ALEXANDER Technique, Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

PRINTING with Personality – at country prices. The Priory Press, Malvern.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write The Court Surgical Stores Ltd, 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester 2, for our price list of our surgical goods.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 333/34 Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.

WHERE TO STAY

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 100 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

SUSSEX, 12 mls Eastbourne. Acres wooded grounds. Own produce. Everything home made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns. Whinrig Guest House, Horam 211.

LAKES Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

MULLION, Cornwall. Mounts Bay Hotel offers every comf. H. & c. all rms. Exc. cuisine. Children welc. Broch. with pleasure.

COMBEMARTIN, Devon. 'Fontenaye' Gsthse. Cl. sea – ex. walk/touring cen.

'TREES', Woody Bay, N. Devon. In beautiful woodlands, 5 mins. walk sea. Excellent food. Every comf. Illus. brochure. Vacs. May, 20 June-18 July and Sept.

HOVE High-class Food Reform Hotel, Waveney, 42 Brunswick Pl. Tel. 38474.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food Vacs. Whit. 9 gns. early July, early Aug. 9½-12 gns.

BLACK Mountains. Tudor farmhse, peaceful hol., glorious Border cntry. Box 7939.

CHARMING cottage on Cumberland Fells. Peace, mod. comf., good food. Box 7593.

PONY Trekking in the beautiful hills of the Scottish Borders. A superb holiday. Brochure with pleasure (s.a.e. please) from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar, Scotland.

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. (Herne Bay 750). For your summer hol. Accom. becoming very ltd. Excursions by Microbus.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

SUSSEX. Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Tel. 148. Comfortable accommodation, good food. Reasonable terms. Children welcome. Riding. Fishing.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

NEW hotel opening 1 July, Blanes, has vacancies July-Sept. Full board, 150 pesetas per day. Spanish Holiday Agency, Blanes (Gerona), Spain.

FLORENCE, family pension. Central; good Italian cooking, very mod. prices. Write Ichino, Piazza Pitta 14, Firenze, Italy.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

EXCITING experiment in Jamaica will raise living standards, etc. See Land & Liberty, free from 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism: we buy books, pamphlets, journals: any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop W6. RIV. 6807.

THEATRE: Alive or Dead? Edited by E. J. Burton. Introduction and comments by Milton Shulman with numerous contributions including Bertolt Brecht's Poems on the Theatre', translated by John Berger and Anna Bostock. Available from all booksellers, 2s. 6d., or in case of difficulty direct from The Joint Council for Education Through Art, 12 The Green, Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks., 2s. 10d. postage paid.

DRUGS Debunked! 250 pages! Fascinating! Just off press USA. 35s. cloth bound. Agents wanted. Health Centre, Adelaide Road, Dublin.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – the book (chosen for the NBL's Book Design Exhibition) – details sent for s.a.e. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Square, London, W1.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt Britain is 'The Good Food Guide 1959/60', edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell. Previous issues are out of date and may lead to disappointment. Invest in the new edition, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers.

MOUNTAINEERING, New List ready. Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sx. (Tel. 2951)

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

S/HAND bks on Socialism, etc. Free list from Sanders, 59 Stanhope Gdns, N4.

BOOKS bought. Top prices paid for current review copies. West End Book Supplies, 8 New Row, WC2. COV. 2251.

FOOD AND DRINK

ROYAL Jelly, so much in the news, is the fabulous milk of the Queen Bee. Recommended as a first-class Tonic Food when packed in Clover Honey. A 21-day course costs 42s. from Nectarene Royal Jelly Products. The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cards.

APFELSTRUDEL (also pastry), rum babs, dobos, french pastries, paklava, birthday & wedding cakes – reasonable prices at Pittas patisserie, 3 Percy St, nr Tott. Ct. Rd.

SHOOTING for the moon? Why bother when there are such earthly joys as El Cid Sherry. That's the superb light Amontillado that pleases every palate – that makes one well contented with staying at home.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND STUDENTSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Warburton Scholarship in Local Government. Applications are invited for the above Scholarship for research in local government, the law relating to local government, or comparative local government. The Scholarship is tenable for one year and is of the value of £400. It is open to graduates of this or any other approved University, and applications are acceptable from students who expect to graduate this summer. Applications should be sent not later than 1 July 1959 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University, and applications are acceptable from students who expect to graduate this summer. Applications should be sent not later than 1 July 1959 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acre woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FOR flat-sharing try Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W.1. MUSeum 0512.

ATTRACT. b/sit. room, private house; ckg facils, no linen, no bkfast. Lady prefd. 3½gns. 'Phone HAM. 9271.

HAMPSTEAD Heath. Single bed-sitter to let. Garden, 'phone. SWIss Cottage 3043.

HAMPSTEAD. Furn. room, share kit. £3 inc. htg, h.w., light, ckg. Box 8559.

TWIN bed-sit. rm with full kit./din. facs, suitable 2 women. £4. FINchley 5603.

FLATLET, bed-sitting, kitchenette-dining room, self-contained, comfortable quiet house Hampstead Garden Sub. SPE 7684.

4 Helenslea Ave, NW11. In newly decorated house, 2 mins Golders Green Station. Bed-sitting room with 2 divans and kitchen, gas fire, Ascot (meter); references. Ring, not Saturdays, SPE. 9488.

FURN. 2-rm flat in quiet house; gas htg, twin divan beds. 70s. BAL. 1682.

SWISS Cottage. Large double room, own small kitchenette. Newly decorated, overlooking gardens. 90s. weekly. PRI. 3414.

COMF., furn. large div. b/s rm. Own ckg facs., all amenities. TUD. 2623.

HAMPSTEAD. 3-bedroom furnished house, 9-30 June. 12 gns. p.w. Box 8562.

DELIGHTFUL Chelsea flat avail. whole/part Aug. 10 gns. wkly, suit 2. Box 8555.

CONTEMP. 2-rm flat, light, fine view Campden Hill. Lge b/s & kit-din., mod. dec./furn., c.h.w., own tel. 6½ gns. PAR. 9161.

SUNNY 2-room furn. flat, s/c. NW3. From June-Sept. 6 gns. week. Box 8450.

N8, unfurn. ground floor flat. Kit. with bath, sep. w.c. and garden. No children. £4 10s. Box 8491.

PUTNEY. One attractive furn. divan-room to let, share kit. and bathrm. Suit business girl. 55s. p.w. PUT. 3395.

2 furn. rooms to let in (mainly polyphonic) music-making household, NW3. Ring HAM. 4303, mornings.

CARAVAN vacant, Mid-Sussex. Peaceful millpond site; ideal writer or artist. Low rent for long let, pref. someone willing help occasionally in garden. Terms by arrangement. Tel.: CUCkfield 3315 or write Box 8338.

W. SUSSEX coast 1 mile, 4-berth caravan to let, corner farm site. S.a.e. details: 16 Little London, Chichester.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

EDINBURGH Festival. Large West End flat available. Box 105, Robertson & Scott, 42 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

TINY furn. garden-cottage, upper Thames, lovely secluded situation, sleep 2 only, elec. Bathing, boating, coarse fishing. Ideal for wkends. Reduction long let. Box 8499.

FURN. cottage, mid-July to 15 Aug. Adams, Veor, Zennor, St Ives, Cornwall.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

COLOURED student reqs £5 10s. p.w. s/c. fur. flat. Rent payable mthly in adv. Finchley Rd/Swiss Cott. area. Box 8563.

PROFESSOR, wife, 3 children, require 3-bedroom furnished flat/house, Sept.-30 June, ½ hr London Hospital. Details to Daniel, 3944 W. 22nd, Vancouver, Canada.

ENGINEER (Ghanaian), wife (European, expecting), require flat. Government references, monthly advance rent. Box 8219.

DILAPIDATED cottage wtd Home Cnties to mend & make my home. Box 8408.

PROPERTIES TO LET

COUNTRY Cottage in Lammermuirs beauty spot, 2 bedrooms, 5 gns. weekly; also 2-roomed flat, h. & c., 5 gns. wkly, Graham, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

PUTNEY. Studio flat, overlooking Thames. Modern, newly decorated. One bedroom, own garden, garage. Lovely view, 99-year lease, £3,950. Mortgage avail. Box 8091.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

YORK ARCHITECTURAL SUMMER SCHOOLS

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SEVEN-Day Courses in Dramatic Art. Professional stage staff. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chanticleer Theatre, London: Starting 5, 26 July, 2, 9 Aug. Eve. course 17 Aug. £8 8s. & £5 5s. Syllabus from Director: Marian Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, SW19.

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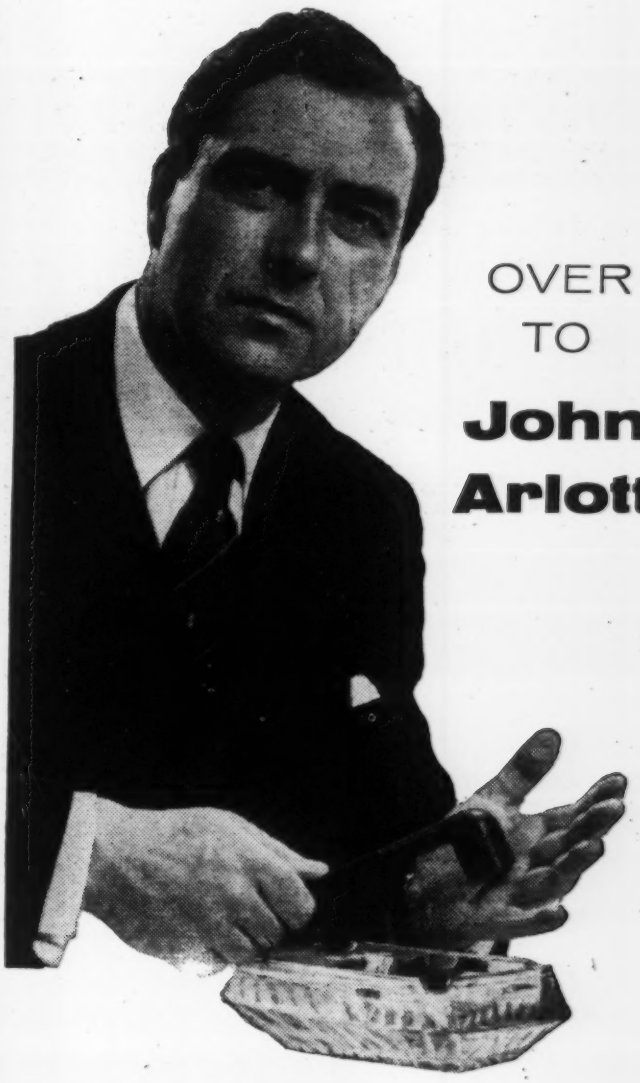

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

TASMANIA, AUSTRALIA

STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Employment for teachers is offered by the Education Department of Tasmania where the rapidly expanding State Education system presents ample opportunities for promotion to those with the necessary ambition, ability and initiative. High school teachers in the fields of mathematics, science and languages are especially needed but teachers in other categories are also required. Salaries are generous, for example assistants' scale: £A980-£A1,543 (men); £A802-£A1,274 (women) according to experience and qualifications; Master of Subject Department (high school) £A1,931 (Max); Mistress of Subject Department: £A1,727 (max); Headmaster, Class 1A high school, £A2,310 (men). Graduates are paid an additional £A50 per annum. Suitable provision is made for sick leave and superannuation benefits. Accommodation will be guaranteed for approved married teachers.

Additional information may be obtained from the Agent General for Tasmania, 457 Strand, London, WC2, where enquiries will be welcomed.

SENIOR PSYCHOLOGIST
(sole, wholetime)
required at
BROADMOOR INSTITUTION,
Crowthorne, Berks.
(920 beds)

for persons of unsound mind of criminal tendencies. Salary £1,105 to £1,500. National Health Service conditions and superannuation. Further information from Medical Superintendent to whom applications naming three referees should be sent before 8 June, 1959.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Further appointments intended during the next twelve months in Birmingham, Cardiff, Durham, London, Liverpool and Manchester for qualified social workers. Preliminary enquiries invited by General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH

Appointment of Senior Research Officer or Research Officer

A vacancy on the Foundation's staff has been created by the resignation of Mr Alfred Yates, the Senior Research Officer, who is to take up an appointment as Senior Tutor in the Oxford University Department of Education. The status and duties of the person appointed to fill this vacancy will depend on his qualifications and experience. The post may be permanent as Senior Research Officer or for a period of five years as Research Officer. At either level, the appointment may be to the Foundation's Research department or to its Tests Services.

Candidates should be honours graduates, with qualifications in education and/or psychology, should have some knowledge of psychometric methods and educational research and some experience of teaching.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Director, NFER, 79 Wimpole Street, London, W1.

SHROPSHIRE
Resident woman
CHILD CARE WORKER

req. June or Sept. for group of boys age 12-16 yrs. Post offers possibilities to those wishing to gain experience in the care and guidance of intelligent boys with emotional problems. Salary £330-400 p.a., less emoluments £116; liberal holidays. Apply: Principal, Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, nr Shrewsbury.

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Of good IQ with lots of what it takes;
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THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT,
3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

Executive Selection Service of Associated Industrial Consultants Limited is advising on the following appointment

ASSISTANT SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION OFFICER
FOR
TATE & LYLE LTD

A Chemistry graduate is required in the Information Department of the Research Laboratories which are situated in country surroundings near London. The Information Officer will be engaged on abstracting and enquiry work for which good reading ability in technical French and German is essential. Experience in this type of work will be an advantage. The Company operate pension and profit-sharing schemes and there is a canteen. The preferred age is not over 35 years. Write, giving brief details of salary required, to the Director of Research, Tate & Lyle Ltd, Ravensbourne, Westerham Road, Keston, Kent.

INSTRUCTOR Branch, Royal Navy. Applications are invited for Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy. The primary requirement is for men of good personal qualities with degrees (or the equivalent) in Mathematics, Physics or Engineering (Mechanical, Electrical and Aeronautical) but graduates in Chemistry, Metallurgy, History, Geography or English will also be considered. An additional requirement exists for non-graduates with teaching qualifications. Service in the Instructor Branch combines all the advantages of life in the Royal Navy – e.g., comradeship, travel, a wide variety of cultural and sporting activities, a high standard of living, responsibility, etc – with the opportunity to utilise scientific, technological and professional qualifications to the full. The work of the Instructor Officer is fundamental to the Fleet and covers the widest field of operational, technical and academic duties ashore and afloat, ranging from basic instruction to work on the latest developments in nuclear power and guided weapons. Instructor Officers are also the meteorologists of the Royal Navy. Note also: Students in their final year may apply. Short Service Commissions are granted initially for 3, 4 or 5 years, and may be extended up to 10 years. A Short Service Commission discharges liability for National Service. Starting pay is £511 p.a. rising to £620 p.a. after 1 year's service (£620 p.a. rising to £839 for 1st and 2nd Class Honours Graduates) plus marriage, lodging, ration allowances, etc., where appropriate. (At age 30 a married Honours graduate could be earning about £1,750 p.a.). £405 tax free gratuity after a Short Service Commission of 3 years and pro rata for longer. Service in the Instructor Branch is recognised by the Ministry of Education as 'approved external service'. Short Service Officers may apply for Permanent Commissions. Candidates must be British subjects, sons of British subjects, under 36 years old and medically fit. For further details apply to: Director, Naval Education Service (P/15), Admiralty, London.

MINISTRY of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food: Senior Scientific Officers. 1 post at Harpenden for Organic or Analytical Chemist, preferably with experience of plant protection chemistry, to act as Secretary to a crop protection committee. The duties involve some administrative work and some travelling. 1 post at Aberdeen for a Physical Chemist, preferably with experience in reaction Kinetics or radiation chemistry. Both posts are pensionable, and require 1st or 2nd class honours degree in chemistry with at least 3 years' post-graduate experience. Men and women aged at least 26 and under 31 (with extension for Forces and Overseas Civil Service) may apply. Men's salary scale £1,200 (or higher in exceptional cases)-£1,420 in Aberdeen, £30 less in Harpenden. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form quoting S.53/59.

SENIOR Scientific Officers (a): Scientific Officers (b). Pensionable posts for men or women in all major scientific fields, including physics, chemistry, biology, meteorology and mathematics. Age limits: (a) at least 26 and under 31, (b) at least 21 and under 28. Extension for regular Forces Service and Overseas Civil Service. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g., post-graduate) experience. London salaries (men): (a) £1,233-£1,460, (b) £655-£1,150; provision for starting pay above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for appln form, quoting (a) S53/59, (b) S52/59.

NATIONAL Children's Charity requires Female Assistant Organiser to work in Home Counties. Smart appearance, good education. Apply in own handwriting to Box NS 190, LPE Romano House, 399/401 Strand, London, WC2.

TRADE Union requires Bookkeeper for its National office. Previous experience in a Union office preferable but not essential. Salary according to Trade Union rate. Write Box 19, Frost-Smith Advg, 64 Finsbury Pavement, EC2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Senior Assistant (Scientific Talks), External Services, to act as Scientific Correspondent and work entails writing and occasional commissioning of talks in field of science and technology. Wide general knowledge of scientific and technological matters and ability to present them in simple terms suitable for a broadcast talk to a European audience essential. Selected candidate should be able to broadcast his own material in the English Service to Europe. Knowledge of European languages an advantage but not essential. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1117 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Production Assistant, Television News in Cardiff. Duties under direction of News Editor; to assist with preparation and mounting of news programmes and topical items, and to direct cameras; to provide editorial briefing for outside assignments; to assist in selection of films and direction of film sequences for news bulletins and other programmes. Good education, capacity to work quickly and efficiently under pressure, and knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1122 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above position. Preference will be given to a candidate with interests in European and/or British History. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 per annum. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 June, 1959.

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Applications are invited for posts of: (A) Sub-Librarian (Grade I and II) from Arts or Science graduates with professional library qualifications and experience and (B) Assistant Librarians from Nigerian graduates willing to undertake professional library training. (Undergraduates expecting to graduate this year will be considered for temporary employment pending examination results.) Salary scales: (A) (Grade I) £1,400×£50–£1,650 p.a., (Grade II) £1,000×£50–£1,300 p.a. (B) £800×£50–£900 p.a. Passages paid for appointee, wife and 3 children under 11 years, on appointment, overseas leave and termination. Children's, car and outfit allowances. FSSU. Part-furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.7% of salary. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 15 June, 1959, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CANBERRA University College, Australia. Lecturer in Psychology. Applications are invited for appointment to the above post. Applicants must possess a degree with honours in psychology, a higher degree in psychology, or equivalent qualifications, and have experience or interest in the experimental psychology of learning and learning theory. Salary range: £A1,463-£A2,063 per annum. Annual increments of £A75. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further particulars and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of the Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applicants should give details of academic qualifications and teaching experience, together with the names of three referees. Two copies of each application should be forwarded to the Registrar, Canberra University College, and a further two copies lodged with the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, by the closing date. Applications close with the undersigned on 4 July 1959. T. M. Owen, Registrar, Canberra University College, Canberra City, Australia.

CANBERRA University College, Australia. Lecturer in Economics. Applications are invited for appointment to the above post. Preference will be given to candidates with special interest in agricultural economics or mathematical economics. Salary range: £A1,463-£A2,063 per annum. Annual increments of £A75. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 4 July 1959.

CHEMISTRY Graduate required as part-time Professor's assistant to undertake literature work and chemical calculations for Extraction Metallurgy Research Group. Foreign languages an advantage. Salary, for week of about 20 hours, dependent on qualifications and experience. Applications, with full curriculum vitae, to Professor F. D. Richardson, Metallurgy Dept, Imperial College of Science & Technology, London, SW7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CANBERRA University College, Australia. Applications are invited for appointment to the posts of Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in History; Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Philosophy; Lecturer in English; Temporary Lecturer in Classics. The teaching duties of the post in Philosophy will include courses in the philosophy of science and in advanced logic, and candidates with qualifications in an exact science will be given preference. Candidates for the Lectureship in English are requested to give a full account of special interest in any field of English studies. The appointee to the Temporary Lectureship in Classics will be required to lecture mainly in Latin, but the ability to lecture also in Greek would be an advantage. Salary ranges: Senior Lecturer, £A2,113-£A2,513 per annum; Lecturer, £A1,463-£A2,063 per annum. Annual increments are £A80 for Senior Lecturers, £A75 for Lecturers. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 4 July 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Pure Mathematics. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500–90–£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 20 June 1959.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the full-time posts of Assistant in the Research Section of the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. The successful candidates will be expected to pursue research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Political Theory and Institutions, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology and should be graduates in any of these subjects or in Modern History or Economic History. There are vacancies in both Grade II (which carries the status of Assistant Lecturer) and Grade III. The salary scales are as follows: Grade II – £700 to £850 per annum; Grade III – £600 to £650 per annum. Applications should be sent not later than 1 June 1959, to the Registrar, University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester, Ashburne Hall of Residence for Women Students. Applications are invited from women graduates for the following appointments. Tutor (part-time) of the Mary Worthington Wing (about 60 residents), with board and residence and an honorarium of £100 per session. Tutor (part-time) of the Stopford Wing (about 20 residents), with board and residence and an honorarium of not less than £50 per session. Duties to begin 8 October 1959. Applications to be submitted not later than 1 June should be addressed to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom detailed particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Hull. Department of Adult Education. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in English Literature. Strong interest in Modern Literature and experience in lecturing, particularly to adult students, are desirable. Good academic qualifications essential. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience in the Lecturers' Scale (£900 to £1,650 per annum). Superannuation and family allowances £50 per annum per child. Further particulars from the undersigned, to whom applications (8 copies) should be sent by 23 May, 1959. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

DERBYSHIRE Education Committee. White Hall Open Country Pursuits Centre. A Principal is required as soon as possible after 1 September. He should be a qualified teacher with considerable experience of mountaineering, caving, canoeing. Salary according to the Burnham Report with Group O Headship allowance, at present £630 ×£26 5s. to £1,076 5s. (additions for qualifications and experience) plus free board. There is a vacancy, too, for a Housekeeper (preferably the Principal's wife) with a salary, at present, £373 5s. to £480 17s. 6d. and free emoluments valued at £143 10s. Further particulars and form of application, which should be returned by 26 May, may be obtained from the undersigned, J. L. Longland, Director of Education, County Offices, Matlock.

BBC requires Greek language typists capable of at least 30 w.p.m. A fair knowledge of English desirable. Salary ranging from £8 14s. to £10 13s. p.w. according to qualifications plus language allowance of 10s. p.w. Detailed applications, quoting reference SC.1056 N. Stm, to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within seven days.

TEMPORARY jobs. Competent Sh./hand & Copy/typists wanted, weeks, months. Telephone Miss Topham of Duttons Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council, Children's Department. Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Chief Inspector in the Children's Department. This is a new appointment and the selected candidate will be required: (1) To advise the Children's Officer on the professional aspects of child care work throughout the department, with particular reference to family casework and the care of children in foster homes and in residential establishments. (2) To co-ordinate and direct the work of four Inspectors of Child Care who carry out the more detailed aspects of the duties outlined above within certain prescribed limits. Candidates should have high professional qualifications as well as wide experience in child care, preferably in a senior position within a large organisation comparable to the Council. (Applications submitted in response to the earlier advertisements will be reconsidered; no fresh application is necessary). Salary £1,850-£2,150. Application forms from Children's Officer (CH/E.1/959), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 30 May 1959.

CHILD Welfare Officers. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for positions of Child Welfare Officer to be based on area children's office near London Bridge Station (subject to Council's right to transfer staff to other areas). They will deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. Area for reception purposes covers the Boroughs of Bermondsey, Lambeth and Southwark but children under supervision are placed in wider area including residential establishments outside London, and foster homes in Croydon, East Surrey and East Sussex. Considerable travelling involved and ability to drive highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available. Case-loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer. Candidates should have previous experience in child care or allied social work. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or other appropriate academic qualification an advantage. £630-£927 10s. commencing according to qualifications and experience. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Child Welfare Officer positions (£815-£1,140). Application forms (returnable by 30 May) and other details from Children's Officer (CH/E1/1022), LCC County Hall, SE1.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service, initially in East Division, Tottenham. Good office accom. & clerical assistance available. Position offers scope & interest in this field of psychiatric social work. Seven psychiatric social workers are at present engaged in service, one of whom is already working in East Division. PTA quals. & salary. Established. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Full particulars & 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5, 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 30 May. (Quote Z568, NS.)

CITY and County of Bristol. Department of Public Health. Assistant Mental Welfare Officer (Male or Female). Applications invited from persons who wish to enter Local Authority Mental Health Service as Assistant Mental Welfare Officer. Duties of post will enable person selected to obtain experience and training to fit him or her to become a candidate for position of Mental Welfare Officer and Duly Authorised Officer. Salary: Grade A.P.T. I, £610/£765 p.a. Post superannuable. Medical examination. Applications by 31 May, on forms from Medical Officer of Health, Central Health Clinic, G.P.O. Box No. 201, Tower Hill, Bristol 2.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind. New Primary School for Blind Children with additional handicaps, Rushton Hall, nr Kettering, Northants. Applications are invited from qualified teachers (men or women) for appointment as resident Head of this new school being opened by the RNIB in April 1960 (with the approval of the Ministry of Education). It will provide education for 45 blind children with additional handicaps from 8-12 years approx. It is hoped to appoint by September, the successful candidate to take up duties early in 1960. Applicants must have had previous exp. in residential schools for handicapped children, not necessarily blind. Salary on Burnham scale (Special Schools: Group IIIS) plus generous accommodation and full residential emoluments. Particulars and form for completion and return by 1 June from Secretary-General, RNIB (Ref. EO), 224 Great Portland Street, London, W1.

RAMPTON Hospital, Retford, Notts. Qualified Head Teacher (Woman) age 25-45 required for teaching and training small group of mentally defective children of varying mental grades and of selected young female adults whose mental defect shows itself mainly in disordered conduct. Salary: Burnham rate for Special Schools and Head Teacher allowance. Special pensionable allowance of £55 p.a. also payable. Post is superannuable under Teachers' Superannuation Act 1925 and 1956. Maximum teaching hours 25½ a week plus usual incidental duties. Board and lodging available for single person if required. Candidates may visit the Hospital by appointment. Application forms and further particulars from Secretary, Ministry of Health (Room 534), Savile Row, London, W1. Closing date for completed forms: 12 June 1959.

PART-time editorial assistant (female) reqd for London Weekly Diary of Social Events. Apply in writing to: London Weekly Diary, 56 Bloomsbury St, London, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ST Bernard's Hospital for Nervous & Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Occupational Therapist (male or female) required, for duty in male Occ. Therapy Department. Candidates should possess the psychological qualification. National Whitley Council Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees to the Physician Superintendent.

ST JOHN'S & Manor House Hospital Management Committee, St John's Hospital, Stone, Nr Aylesbury, Bucks. Applications are invited for the post of Occupational Therapist at this Mental Hospital. Candidates must hold the diploma (dual qualification) of the Association of Occupational Therapists. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council recommendations. If required, accommodation is available at a reasonable charge. Applications to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible, giving the names of two referees.

YOUTH leader, qualified and experienced, required for new full-time mixed youth club at Street, Somerset, opening in early autumn. Married man, whose wife is interested in the work essential. Salary £750 p.a. plus living accommodation. Pension scheme available. Apply in writing, with fullest details of age, experience and qualifications, and with names of three referees to Mr. L. Mills, Area Youth Organiser, 2 Market Place, Frome, Somerset. (Second Advertisement).

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2 Beaumont St, W1. Medical Secretary required immediately. 25 or over. Good shorthand/typing speeds essential. Knowledge of psychiatric work desirable. Salary within the scale £394 – £630 (including L.W.). Apply Secretary, Paddington Group Hospital Management Committee, Harrow Rd, W9, by 23 May 1959.

DIRECTOR large West End Advertising Company requires Secretary. Interest in financial, legal and company secretarial work desirable; must be able to work on own initiative. Box 8473.

THE Association of Scientific Workers has two vacancies for competent and reliable young ladies to work in the General Secretary's office and the Southern Regional Office. This is very interesting and varied work and knowledge of committee work is required together with initiative and a good standard of shorthand-typing. Starting salary £9 17s. rising to £12 1s. per week. Holiday commitments honoured. 'Phone GRO. 4761 for appointment.

CONFIDENTIAL Secretary required by Managing Director of Chemical Company at Welwyn Garden City. First-class shorthand/typing essential together with ability to work on own initiative. Some chemical knowledge and abstracting experience an advantage. Box 8478.

SUITABLE for married woman with children. Experienced shorthand-typist required. 3½ weeks' paid leave, 5 weeks' unpaid if desired. Present holiday arrangements honoured. Starting salary £10 12s. at 26 or over. Proficiency allowances. Hours 9.10-5.25. Write giving details of age, education and posts held, with dates, to the Establishment Officer, The Council of Industrial Design, 28 Haymarket SW1. (Quoting NC/32) TRA 8000

SHORTHAND Typists required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £10 3s. rising to £10 13s per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 8440.

TYPIST-Duplicator, 5 days a week. Varied job. Apply to Association of Psychiatric Social Workers, 1 Park Crescent, W1.

YOUNG graduates, male or female, required for teaching posts at Berlitz School in Hamburg, June/July '59. Minimum age 24. Please apply with outline of previous career and passport-photograph to Berlitz School, Hamburg 1, Spitaler Str. 1, Germany.

ASSOCIATE Secretary, graduate: good speaking ability; experience in working with student clubs, etc., free to travel in Great Britain, required in September 1959. Applications to General Secretary, World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, W1.

SENIOR Shorthand-Typist required by Jewish Communal Organisation, able work own initiative. Box 8543.

PROF. woman wants shorthand-typist for occasional evening work, WC1. Box 8536.

SHORTHAND-Typist, male or female, over 21 years, required for prominent Trade Union Office in City of London. 5-day week. Applicant must have initiative and good speeds. Salary £10 13s. including Cost of Living Bonus, plus overtime rates. Progressive increase in salary. Box 8411.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SOLICITOR age 23 to 30 required for Advocacy, Common Law, Conveyancing, Probate and Divorce. Good salary and partnership prospects to suitable man. Clayton & Co., 13, Cardiff Road, Luton.

SEC. Sh./typ. 18/21, with gd speeds for well-known publishers. Sal. to £9. Portman Bureau 78 George St W1. HUN 0676

ASSOCIATION requires part-time male Secretary for prestige purposes, mainly for interviewing work. Would suit Arts graduate interested in music, available for 2 or 3 mornings wkly & resident London. Box 8285.

SYBIL Topham of Duttons (Agy) would like to interview competent secretaries, shorthand-typists and copy-typists for a nice selection of interesting jobs. 92 Gt Russell Street, London, WC1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists. Few days a week or longer. Details Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St, Leicester Square. GER. 3249.

STELLA Fisher Bureau requires temporary typist. Please call 436 Strand, WC2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn). TEM. 6644.

AT Any Age nothing is so important as the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37A Devonshire Street, W1. Tel. WELbeck 8017. Cambridge centre – 14 King's Parade, Cambridge. Tel. 54808.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

JOURNALIST, ex-editor, young, male, intellectual pretensions, cultural background, wants vocation or occupation among intelligent, sensitive people. From £8 per week up. REL. 3709 or Box 8409.

GRAD. (Oxon)-to-be, f., varied talents, also drives, sh./typ., wants job pref. abroad, original &/or adventurous. Box 8216.

STUDENT 18, m, driver, typist, jazz lover, sks interesting employment, abroad pref. until end August. 30 West Heath Gdns, NW3.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 706

STANISLAVSKY in Dance. Saturday Courses, Master Classes. A unique acting, dance training for the serious artist, actor, dancer, teacher. Commencing Sat. 23 May at 241 Marylebone Rd, (The Farrs School of Dancing), NW1. Enq.: Sec., British Dance Theatre, 9 Butler Ave., Harrow, Middx.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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For SUMMER SCHOOLS see p. 705

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TH. Royal. E15. MAR. 5973, 8. Sat. 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's 'The Hostage'.

TOWER. 7.30. 22, 23, (mems. 24), 28, 29, 30 May: 'The Wedding' & 'Miss Julie'. – CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY Theatre: No Performance. Opening Fri. 22 May, First English Production 'The Risen People', a new play. Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

BRECHT. Songs and poems in German. Recital by Hedli Anderson with piano, accordion and guitar. Morley College, Friday 22 May at 8 p.m. Tickets 5s. and 3s. 6d. from Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Films by Clair and Jennings. Until 17 May: 'Sous les Toits de Paris' (A), 'Listen to Britain' (A). From 18 May: 'Porte des Lilas' (U), 'London Can Take It' (U).

ROXY (BAY. 2345) W/c 17 May, 7 days, Julie Harris, 'East of Eden' (A), also 'Fernandel the Dressmaker' (A).

SATYAJIT Ray's 'Pathar Panchali' (English sub-titles) Royal Commonwealth Society Assembly Hall, Northumberland Avenue, WC2. Thursday, 28 May at 7 p.m. Tickets available from: India Film Society, 31a John Adam Street, WC2. Prices: 2s., 3s., 4s. Members; 1s. extra guests.

PLATO Films presents 'General Speidel—The Archives Testify'. (Cert. A London) at Unity Theatre. Goldington Street, NW1. EUSton 5391. 3.30 p.m. Saturday 23 May (with full supporting programme). Admission 1s. 6d. (Mems).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'At Home' with dancing. Wednesday, 20 May, 8.30-11 p.m. Members 1s. 6d., their guests 3s. Student Members free.

EXHIBITIONS

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Odilon Redon – Paintings, Pastels and Drawings. Entrance 2s. 6d. in aid of Corneal Graft and Eye Bank Research. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 20 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

WADDINGTON Galleries, 2 Cork Street, W1, REGent 1719. Hilton, Frost, Wynter, Heron; 10-6. Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Fautrier – Paintings and Gouaches. To 6 June, 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jack Smith Retrospective. Opens 21 May. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. 1st London Exhib. of paintings by Forquin; Watercolours of France & Spain by Sine Mackinnon. Hours 10-6. Sats 10-1. Closes 5 June.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Ivon Hitchens and Ray Howard-Jones. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

POLISH Graphic Art: 1880-1940. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W1. Mondays – Fridays 10-6 (Thurs. till 8). Until 22 May. Closed Whit Monday.

NEW Art Centre, 41 Sloane St. Barbara Robinson, James Howie & others. 10-6.30. Until 23 May.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'The Developing Process'. New possibilities in art teaching. Until 30 May. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Closed on Sat. 16 May, re-opening Tues. 19 May. Admission 1s. Members free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

ST George's Gallery, Anthony Harrison. The Formenterra Suite. Aquatints & Associated Gouaches, until 30 May. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. 11-30 May, Paintings—Walter Ruhman. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-5. Sundays 2-5. Open Whit-Monday 2-5.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Franciszka Themerson New paintings.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings and Stained Glass by Tryggvadottir. Till 23 May. Daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. except Sunday.

PICTURE Hire—As many paintings as you wish for an annual sub. of 1 gn. and 7s. 6d. per month per painting. AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2.

KAPLAN Gallery. 'Paintings by Barnabé'. Until 13 June. 6 Duke Street, St. James's.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB

There is no ULR Meeting on Whit Monday so most discussions will take place over a good lunch (3s. 6d) at the Partisan Coffee House (7 Carlisle Street, W1, off Soho Square). See you at the Partisan!

Needed: help with translations and articles re. E. Europe for NR – ULR; contact Alba Taylor, 23 Lansdowne Rd, W11. BAY. 7084.

LONDON Schools Left Club, Fri. 22 May, Alan Bush: 'The Place of Music; East and West', 5.45, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Adm. 9d., mems free (School students only).

BRITISH Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London). Discussion meeting Wed. 20 May, 7.30 p.m., First Fl., Partisan Coffee House, 7 Carlisle St, W1. HE The Tunisian Ambassador, Taib Slim, on 'Tunisian View'. Adm. 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

43rd BRITISH ESPERANTO CONGRESS

Zamenhof Centenary Celebrations – Public Meeting at the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, London, WC1, on Sunday 17 May, at 7.30 p.m. Musical items arranged by FRANK MERRICK. Admission free.

'MODERN War—A Challenge to Christians'. Public Meeting 25 May at 7.30 p.m. at Royal Albert Hall. Speakers include Canon Collins (Chairman), Victor Gollancz, Dr Gruber, Dame K. Lonsdale, Harold Roberts, The Bishop of Southwark: Jill Balcon and John Neville. Tickets 2s. 6d. res., 1s. unres. from the Hall or Christian Action, 2 Amen Ct. EC4 (CITy 6869); Friends Peace Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1 (EUSton 3601).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Science: Ergonomics'. A discussion on human engineering and its application to design. Speakers: Charles Butler, J. Christopher Jones, Roger Coleman, Brian Shackel, A. L. T. Welford. Chairman: Michael Farr. Thursday 21 May, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 15 May, 8 p.m. Miss A. Pyman: ''Mir Iskustvo' and Russian Modernism'. Fri. 22 May, 8 p.m. Dr M. Burgess: 'Russian Painting 1700-1825' (slides). Sun. 24 May, 4 p.m., at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7, Soviet Films.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. J. Nkomo, 'Central Africa', Wed., 20 May, 7.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

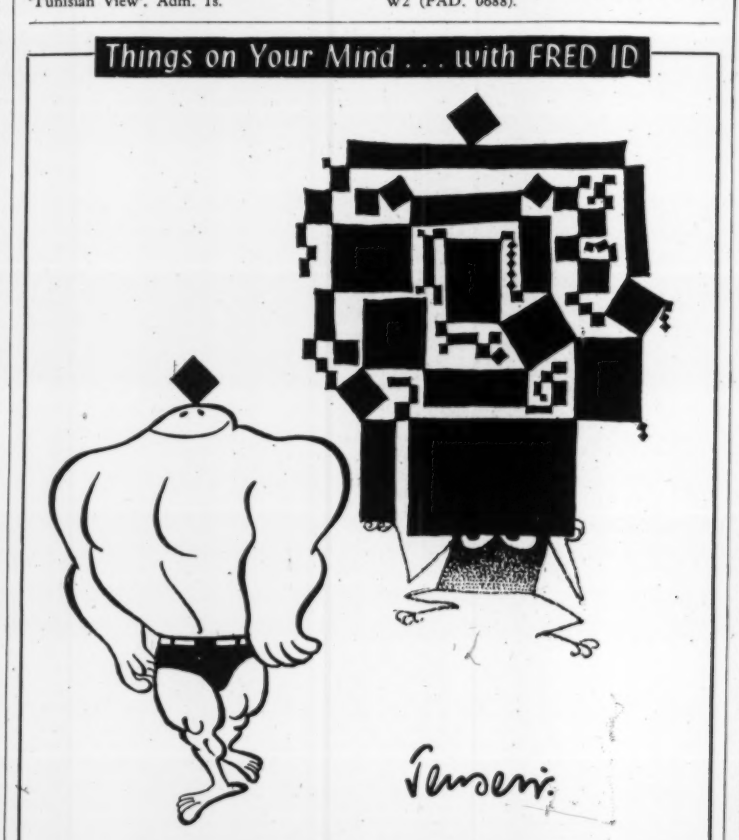
BRAINS Trust on China, UNO & Tibet. A. T. D'Eye, H. D. Bryan, Cedric Dover. Hampstead Town Hall, Fri. 22 May, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. Hampstead BCFA.

'THE English Short Story & the German 'Novelle'. A Comparison.' Lecture by Dr Leonore Goldschmidt (London). Wed. 20 May 1959, 8 p.m., at the German Institute, 51 Princes Gate (Exhibition Rd.), SW7.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 23 May at 6 p.m. M. Gaston Cathou (Alliance Française): 'Boulevard St Michel et Quartier Latin'.

BLISS was it in that dawn to be alive – an excursion into the Romantic Period, The New Jewish Society, 36 Hallam St, 8.30, Wed. 20 May.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun. 17 May, 8 p.m. 'On Daily Psychology.' ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 (PAD. 0688).



7. He sometimes envies less complex personalities.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: The John Coffin Memorial Literary Readings – A Recital of Poetry will be given by Jill Balcon and C. Day Lewis at 5.30 p.m. on 22 May at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

HUMAN Destiny and the Will of God. Day Conference 13 June at Liddon House 5th Audley St, W1. Speakers: Canon F. R. Milford, David Paton. Details: Conference Sec., William Temple Assocn, above address.

'TIBETAN Highway', colour film, and A. T. D'Eye, MA, expert on Tibet. Chairman Prof. A. C. Offord. Sat. 23 May, 8 p.m. Lascelles Secondary Modern School for Boys. Entrance free. Arranged by Hendon, Harrow & District Branch, Britain-China Friendship Association.

AFRICAN Forum. Richard Moore, Prospective Liberal candidate on Liberal Commonwealth policy. Tues. 19 May, 7.30, Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1

IWC London Branch. Fri. 22 May, 8.30 p.m. 'Asoka,' Dr Ramila Thapar, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688. Free.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 17 May. 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Longing for Absolutes': H. J. Blackham.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Celebration Meeting for Wesak (Buddhist New Year), Wed. 20 May, 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1. Ven. Dr W. Rahula (Ceylon & Paris), Christmas Humphreys in chair. Come early and bring flowers. Eastern visitors in national dress, please. Read 'The Middle Way' for Buddhist news and views (3s. post free). Book now, if you haven't done so, for Summer School, Hoddesdon, 28 Aug.-4 Sep., £9 incl. Information 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. TAT. 1313.

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RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Bhagavad-Gita. Swami Mukhyananda, Thurs. 21 May, 7.30, Conway Hall, Holborn: 'The Spirit of the Upanishads'. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

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or
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UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures entitled 'The Evolution of Counterpoint' will be delivered by Dr Edmund Rubbra at 5.30 p.m. on 25 & 26 May at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall Street, London, EC2. Tel. MONarch 2433. Four Lectures on 'Four Poets of This Age'—Yeats, Eliot, Muir and Dylan Thomas, will be given by Professor Bonamy Dobrée, MA (Gresham Professor in Rhetoric) on Tues. to Fri., 19 to 22 May. The Lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

CHINA'S Tenth Year, The Communes, Tibet. Week-end School. Sat.-Sun., 30-31 May, Treetops, Surrey. Four speakers who spent most of 1958 in Peking and travelling in China: Mr & Mrs G. C. T. Giles; Dr & Mrs J. Chinnery. Films, tennis, walks. Write to Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

LECTURE COURSES—cont on page 707

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